3105

A.K.A. "Scream"

# SCARY MOVIE

WRITTEN BY

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REGISTERED: WGAW

FADE IN

ON A RINGING TELEPHONE.

A hand reaches for it, bringing the receiver up to the face of CASEY BECKER, a young girl, no more than sixteen. A friendly face with innocent eyes.

CASEY
Hello.

MAN'S VOICE
(from phone)
Hello.

Silence.

CASEY
Yes?

MAN
Who is this?

CASEY
Who are you trying to reach?

MAN
I'm not sure. What number is this?

CASEY
What number are you trying to reach?

MAN
I don't know.

CASEY
I think you have the wrong number.

MAN
Do I?

CASEY
It happens. Take it easy.

CLICK! She hangs up the phone. The CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Casey in a living room, alone. She moves from the living room to the kitchen. It's a nice house. Affluent.

The phone RINGS again.

INT. KITCHEN

Casey grabs the portable.

CASEY
Hello.

MAN
I'm sorry. I guess I dialed the wrong number.

CASEY
So why did you dial it again?

MAN
To apologize.

CASEY
You're forgiven. Bye now.

MAN
Wait, wait, don't hang up.

Casey stands in front of a sliding glass door. It's pitch black outside.

CASEY
What?

MAN
I want to talk to you for a second.

CASEY
They've got 900 numbers for that. Seeya.

CLICK! Casey hangs up. A grin on her face.

EXT. CASEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

A big, country home with a huge sprawling lawn full of big oak trees. It sits alone with no neighbors in sight.

The phone RINGS again.

INT. KITCHEN

Popcorn SIZZLES in a pot on the stove. Casey covers it with a lid, reaching for the portable phone.

CASEY
Hello.

CONTINUED:

MAN
Why don't you want to talk to me?

CASEY
Who is this?

MAN
You tell me your name, I'll tell you mine.

CASEY
(shaking the popcorn)
I don't think so.

MAN
What's that noise?

Casey smiles, playing along, innocently.

CASEY
Popcorn.

MAN
You're making popcorn?

CASEY
Uh-huh.

MAN
I only eat popcorn at the movies.

CASEY
I'm getting ready to watch a video.

MAN
Really? What?

CASEY
Just some scary movie.

MAN
Do you like scary movies?

CASEY
Uh-huh.

MAN
What's your favorite scary movie?

He's flirting with her. Casey moves away from the stove and takes a seat at the kitchen counter, directly in front of the glass door.

CONTINUED: (2)

CASEY
I don't know.

MAN
You have to have a favorite.

Casey thinks for a second.

CASEY
Uh..HALLOWEEN. You know, the one with the guy with the white mask who just sorta walks around and stalks the baby-sitters. What's yours?

MAN
Guess.

CASEY
Uh...NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET.

MAN
Is that the one where the guy had knives for fingers?

CASEY
Yeah..Freddy Krueger.

MAN
Freddy--that's right. I liked that movie. It was scary.

CASEY
The first one was, but the rest sucked.

MAN
So, you gotta a boyfriend?

CASEY
(giggling)
Why? You wanna ask me out?

MAN
Maybe. Do you have a boyfriend?

GIRL
No.

MAN
You never told me your name.

Casey smiles, twirling her hair.

CONTINUED: (3)

CASEY
Why do you want to know my name?

MAN
Because I want to know who I'm looking at.

Casey spins around like lightning facing the glass door.

CASEY
What did you say?

MAN
I want to know who I'm talking to.

CASEY
That's not what you said.

MAN
What do you think I said?

Casey CLICKS on the outside light. A flood light illuminates the backyard. Her eyes survey the grounds. But it's empty. No one's there. She turns the light out.

On the stove, the popcorn POPS.

CASEY
I have to go now.

MAN
Wait..I thought we were gonna go out.

CASEY
Nah, I don't think so...

MAN
Don't hang up on me.

CASEY
Gotta go.

MAN
Don't...

CLICK! Casey hangs up. She checks the glass door making sure it's locked and then moves to the stove as...

THE PHONE RINGS.

She slides the popcorn from the stove, reaching for the phone.

CONTINUED: (4)

CASEY
Yes?

MAN
I told you not to hang up on me.

CASEY
What do you want?

MAN
To talk.

CASEY
Dial someone else, okay?

MAN
You getting scared?

CASEY
No--bored.

CLICK. She hangs up. The phone RINGS again. She grabs it.

CASEY
Listen, asshole...

MAN
(deadly serious)
NO, YOU LISTEN, YOU LITTLE BITCH. IF YOU HANG UP ON ME AGAIN I'LL GUT YOU LIKE A FISH. UNDERSTAND?

Total silence. He has gotten her full attention.

CASEY
I'm two seconds from calling the police.

MAN
They'd never make it in time.

CASEY
Where...are you?

MAN
Where do you think I am?

Casey, looks up the hallway, eyeing the front door...moving to it. It's unlocked. She bolts it.

CASEY
Is this some kind of a joke?

CONTINUED: (5)

MAN
More of a game, really.

The girl looks through the peep-hole.

ANGLE THROUGH PEEPHOLE.

A distorted view of the front porch. It is empty. She relaxes a bit, relieved.

CASEY
What do you want?

MAN
(pure evil)
TO SEE WHAT YOUR INSIDES LOOK LIKE.

Casey's jaw drops as total fear storms her face. She hangs up the phone, throwing it down on a side table when...

THE DOORBELL CHIMES.

Casey leaps out of her skin. She turns to the door as it CHIMES again.

CASEY
(calling out)
Who's there?

Another CHIME. She moves to it.

CASEY
(louder)
Who's there?

No answer. Fuck this. It's time for the police. She goes for the portable phone. Just as she picks it up...

IT RINGS.

Casey almost drops it, losing her breath...

She brings it to her ear with trembling hands, saying nothing...listening, waiting...

A long silence. And then.

MAN
You should never say "Who's there?". Don't you watch scary movies? It's a death wish.

CONTINUED: (6)

Casey clutches the wall, nearly collapsing. She tries her damndest to hang tough.

CASEY
Look, enough is enough. You had your fun now you better leave me alone or else.

MAN
Or else what?

CLOSE ON her face, her mind thinking, calculating...

CASEY
My boyfriend will be here any second and he'll be pissed when I tell him...

MAN
I thought you didn't have a boyfriend.

Busted. She holds steady.

CASEY
I lied. I do have a boyfriend and he'll be here any second and your ass better be gone.

MAN
Sure...

CASEY
I swear it. And he's big and plays football and will beat the shit out of you.

MAN
I'm getting scared.

CASEY
I'm telling the truth. I lied before...

MAN
I believe you...

CASEY
So you better leave.

MAN
His name wouldn't be Steve, would it?

Casey buckles at the knees, losing it.

CONTINUED: (7)

CASEY
How do you know his name?

MAN
Go to the back door and turn on the porch light--again.

Casey's scared to move...she forces herself...staggering to the kitchen...to the glass doors. Her shaky hand finds the light switch...she hits it. The back yard is lit.

Sitting in a lawn chair in the middle of the backyard is a big, line backer of a guy, her boyfriend...

STEVE

tied and gagged. He's been roughed up, but he's alive. CLOSE ON his eyes..wide in fear..staring at his girlfriend, pleading with her.

CASEY
Oh Goddddd...

Casey SCREAMS. Her hand moves to the lock on the door.

MAN
I wouldn't do that if I were you.

Terror rides Casey's face. She's petrified.

CASEY
Where are you?

MAN
Guess.

Her eyes search the yard, combing bushes, trees. He could be anywhere--anywhere.

CASEY
(begging)
Please don't hurt him.

MAN
That all depends on you.

CASEY
Why are you doing this?

Tears find their way, streaming down Casey's face.

CONTINUED: (8)

MAN
I wanna play a game.

CASEY
No...

MAN
Then he dies. Right now.

CASEY
NOOO!

MAN
Which is it?

A long silence. Casey touches the glass...staring at Steve...this big jock of a guy is crying too.

CASEY
What kind of game?

MAN
Turn off the light.

Her hand goes to the switch...Steve tugs and pulls at his straps...as if begging her...his face sweat and tears...

CLICK

He disappears in the darkness. Casey moves away from the glass, back towards the living room, unbelieving, horrified.

MAN
Here's how we play. I ask a question. If you get it right--Steve lives.

Three curtainless windows line one wall. Casey crouches down behind the couch, ripping a lamp cord from it's socket, darkening the room. Her body quivers.

CASEY
Please don't do this...

MAN
Come on. It'll be fun.

CASEY
No...please.

MAN
It's an easy category. Movie trivia.

CONTINUED: (9)

CASEY
(begging)
..please...

MAN
I'll even give you a warm up question.

CASEY
Don't do this. I can't..

MAN
Name the killer in HALLOWEEN.

CASEY
No...

MAN
Come on. It's your favorite scary movie, remember? He had a white mask, he stalked the baby-sitters.

Casey goes silent...a nervous wreck...she can barely speak much less think.

CASEY
I don't know...

MAN
Come on, yes you do.

CASEY
Please..stop...

Casey is SOBBING.

MAN
What's his name?

CASEY
I can't think.

Casey has officially reached hysteria, petrified beyond all reality.

MAN
Steve's counting on you.

Suddenly...through tears...Godsent...

CASEY
(a whisper)
Michael...Michael Myers.

CONTINUED: (10)

MAN
YES!

Casey SIGHS...relieved.

MAN
Now for the real question.

CASEY
NOOOO....

MAN
But you're doing so well.

CASEY
Please go away! Leave us alone!

MAN
Then answer the question. Same category.

Casey is a blubbering, wet mess on the floor.

CASEY
..please..no...

MAN
Name the killer in FRIDAY THE 13TH.

A mad smile purses Casey's lips. She knows this. She leaps up, through tears, screaming...

CASEY
JASON! JASON!...JASON!

A slight PAUSE.

MAN
I'm sorry. That's the wrong answer.

CASEY
No it's not. It was Jason.

MAN
Afraid not.

CASEY
It was Jason. I saw that goddamned movie twenty times. It was Jason.

MAN
Then you should know Jason's MOTHER--Mrs. Vorhees was the original killer. Jason didn't show up until the sequel.

CONTINUED: (11)

Casey is stupefied.

CASEY
You tricked me...

MAN
Lucky, for you there's a bonus round.
But poor Steve..I'm afraid..he's out.

This implication sends Casey running to the kitchen...to the glass doors. She flips on the porch light to see...

STEVE

eyes wide, sitting in the lawn chair...his belly gaping open...a mass of blood and ripped flesh...his insides lay on the ground between his feet...steam rising.

A SCREAM erupts from the bottom of her soul as Casey collapses to the floor...nearly passing out. CLOSE ON her face...pale and ghostly white. She SOBS.

MAN
Final question. Are you ready?

She doesn't answer. A long, maddening silence. Casey, reaches up and CLICKS off the light, making Steve go away...wishing, hoping...

MAN
I know you're there. I can hear you crying.

CASEY
I don't want to play anymore.

MAN
It's the very last question. I promise.

CASEY
..leave me alone..please...

MAN
Answer the question and I will.

Casey is curled up on the floor like an infant, rocking slowly back and forth.

MAN
What door am I at?

CONTINUED: (12)

CASEY
What?

MAN
There are two doors to your house. A front door and a back one. If you answer correctly--you live.

From where Casey sits she can see both front and back doors. She deliberates...with her last bit of strength she tries to strategize. Eyeing both, the front door...the back door...trying to decide between the two.

CASEY
Don't make me..I can't...

MAN
Then you leave me no choice.

In the darkness, Casey crawls to the kitchen counter--she leans up and grabs a long, sharp knife.

Casey looks around her...she looks down the hall to the front door...then turns back to the kitchen glass door as it suddenly...

SHATTERS TO BITS...

as a lawn chair comes flying through it. Exploding glass sprays everywhere.

This incites Casey like fire. She springs to her feet...bolting out of the kitchen as a SHADOW moves quickly through the shattered doorframe.

MAN
(from phone--singsong)
Wherrre arrre yooou?

ANGLE ON CASEY

Somewhere in the house, back flat against a window, listening to FEET ON CRACKING GLASS. She turns and unlocks the latch, quietly sliding it up. She can hear him move to the foyer...to the front door.

Casey lifts herself up and puts her legs through the window. She holds the knife in one hand, the phone in the other.

Casey eases out the window, fumbling, dropping the knife back inside the house. She starts to reach for it. Fuck it, she takes off...

EXT. SIDE OF HOUSE

Casey is at the back corner of the house.

MAN
I can hear you. I know you're here.

Casey eases along a narrow path between a tall fence and the side of the house...going for the front yard. She must pass the three curtainless windows. She gets to the first one and peeks in...

The FIGURE has pulled open the foyer closet, searching for her.

Casey creeps along, to the next window, she looks in...the FIGURE is completely on the other side of the room moving toward the hall that leads to other parts of the house.

She moves further along the house...squeezing by hedges...to the next window...she peeks in to see the FIGURE...

STARING BACK AT HER...

His face covered with a ghostly white mask, inches from her...his eyes piercing through...soulless...Casey SCREAMS BLOODY MURDER as a hand...

CRASHES through the glass window grabbing hold of her neck...she beats at him trying to free herself...her nails dig into his arm...she wrenches from side to side...finally breaking free as the hands disappear inside the house...

EXT. CORNER OF HOUSE

Casey sails around the corner of the house, eyeing the front door. It remains closed. Her eyes cover the sprawling, country yard when suddenly...

HEADLIGHTS APPEAR

in the distance, coming down the road towards the house...she recognizes them instantly. Mom...Dad...she tears off across the yard toward them...moving like lightening...

The car turns into the driveway...Casey SCREAMS, waving madly, rushing by a tree as...

THE GHOST MASKED FIGURE APPEARS

Casey stumbles back, catching her balance...the FIGURE moves on her, arm poised high...a flash of silver...and Casey is struck, across the chest. She looks down to see her shirt

CONTINUED:

blossoming red...a look of bewilderment as she drops to one knee.

The knife rises again...Casey throws her hand forward...the blade comes down...but it's blocked by the portable phone still in her hand. She turns, staggering to...

EXT. DRIVEWAY

A MIDDLE-AGED COUPLE emerge from the parked car. They move to the front door completely unaware of what's happening to their daughter, only feet from them.

EXT. FRONT YARD

Casey stumbles forward...her parents ten feet away...she opens her mouth to scream but no sound resonates...she is beyond words...staggering, swaying...the FIGURE moving behind her.

EXT. FRONT DOOR

Her parents approach the door.

FATHER
That fish smelled strong.

MOTHER
I told you to send it back.

The father discovers the front door ajar. A puzzled look. Casey is right behind them with one arm outstretched. If they'd only turn around...

They enter the house and close the door as...

Casey collapses on the ground, clutching her bloody chest...the FIGURE upon her.

INT. FOYER

The father sees straight back into the kitchen...the shattered patio door.

FATHER
Jesus...

MOTHER
What is it? Where's Casey?

CONTINUED:

FATHER
(calling out)
Casey? Casey?

In a split second they're both panic stricken. The father begins searching the house frantically. The mother is hysterical.

EXT. FRONT YARD

CLOSE ON Casey...she's dragged by her feet through damp soil...the life going fast from her body...her hand still clutching the phone.

INT. FOYER

Back in the house.

MOTHER
Where is she?

FATHER
Call the police.

The mother moves to the phone in the foyer, picks it up...there's no dial tone. She jiggles the base.

FATHER
(searching)
Casey? Where are you honey? Call the police, goddammit.

MOTHER
The phone's dead.

Then...the softest...faintest voice is heard...

CASEY
(from phone)
Mom...

MOTHER
Oh dear God..Casey baby.

The slightest breath....a whimpering almost...from the receiver.

CASEY
(from phone)
..help me...

CONTINUED: (2)

MOTHER
She's here, God, I can hear her. Where's my baby?

The husband returns to the foyer finding his wife clinging to the phone.

FATHER
Where is she?

MOTHER
I can hear her. Oh Mother of God, I can hear her.

The father upturns the living room.

FATHER
Casey! CASEY!

MOTHER
Not my daughter...not my...

The husband grabs hold of his wife.

FATHER
Get in the car and drive down to the Lindley's.

The mother throws the front door open and rushes out...the father moves through the house when a SCREAM echoes out. His wife. He tears off for the front door.

EXT. FRONT DOOR

The father rushes out the door to find his wife, on her knees, bent over, retching. His eyes move beyond to a tree in the front yard...his stomach fails him...his dinner rises...as he bares witness to the single, most horrifying sight he'll ever see.

That of his only daughter as she hangs from a big, oak tree...strung up...very much dead...her stomach ripped open.

BLACKOUT!

BEGIN MAIN TITLES

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - SAME NIGHT

A teenage girl's room. Neat and pinkish. On the bed, amongst age-old stuffed animals lie opened school books. The CAMERA PANS to a desk against the wall where...

CONTINUED:

SIDNEY PRESCOTT

a young girl of 17, sits, her face glued to the computer monitor in front of her. CLOSE ON her face. Sharp and clever with deep, lonely eyes. She's comfortable in a plain, flannel nightgown.

Her hands are at work, typing feverishly, when suddenly...

CRASH--BOOM

A noise behind her. She turns abruptly, eyeing an open window across the room. A SCRATCHING sound. She stands and moves toward it.

EXT. WINDOW

Sidney sticks her head out the window. The late night wind hits her face as a SHADOW appears just to the left of her, a hand reaches out, grabs her and suddenly a FIGURE is on top of her...

INT. BEDROOM

Sid SCREAMS...pulling away from the FIGURE...breaking free, falling back onto the floor.

VOICE
(o.s.)
Hey...it's just me.

Sid looks up to see...

BILLY LOOMIS

A young, strapping boy of seventeen. Handsome and alluring. He sports a smile that could last for days.

SIDNEY
Billy? What the...

BILLY
I'm sorry. Don't hate me.

SIDNEY
What are you doing here?

BILLY
You sleep in THAT?

Billy pulls himself through the window.

CONTINUED:

SIDNEY
(whispering)
My dad's in the other room.

BILLY
I'll only stay a sec.

Suddenly...

The bedroom door BURSTS open. The doorknob catches on the open closet door behind it jamming it, holding it in place.

VOICE
(from behind door)
What's going on in there?

Billy quickly rolls out of sight behind the bed. Sidney unjams the door to reveal...

MR. PRESCOTT, an older man, severe and towering with a highball glass in his hand. His face is frantic.

MR. PRESCOTT
Are you okay?

SIDNEY
Can you knock?

MR. PRESCOTT
I heard you screaming.

SIDNEY
I was singing.

MR. PRESCOTT
No, no. I...you were singing?

SIDNEY
That had, huh?

He stands perplexed a moment. Lost.

MR. PRESCOTT
I thought...

SIDNEY
Knock next time.

Sidney pushes him out the door, closing it.

CONTINUED: (2)

BILLY
Close call.

SIDNEY
What are you doing here?

Billy takes a flying leap and lands on the bed.

BILLY
It just occurred to me that I've never snuck through your bedroom window.

SIDNEY
Now that it's out of your system.

BILLY
And I was home, bored, watching television, THE EXORCIST was on and it got me thinking of you.

SIDNEY
Oh it did?

BILLY
Yeah, it was edited for TV. All the good stuff was cut out and I started thinking about us and how two years ago, we started off kinda hot and heavy, a nice solid "R" rating on our way to an NC17. And how things have changed and, lately, we're just sort of...edited for television.

SIDNEY
So you thought you could sneak in my window and we would have a little bump-bump.

BILLY
No, no. I wouldn't dream of breaking your underwear rule. I just thought we might do some on top of the clothes stuff.

She snuggles up next to him, planting a kiss on his lips. Passionate and gentle. He, however, responds like a shark, moving on top of her, his hands everywhere as he presses into her...Sidney breaks away.

SIDNEY
Time to go, stud bucket.

CONTINUED: (3)

Billy sits up. His heart isn't racing...it's POUNDING.

BILLY
See what you do to me.

Sweat has popped out all over his forehead, his breathing heavy.

SIDNEY
What happened to your hand?

CLOSE ON HIS RIGHT HAND...

just below the wrist are three cuts, perfectly aligned, still freshly open.

BILLY
Your ledge has teeth.

SIDNEY
Does it hurt?

BILLY
Just when I do this.

He mashes down on it...SCREAMING in pain. Followed by a laugh.

SIDNEY
My dad catches you in here. You're dead.

BILLY
Alright, alright. I'll go.

He moves to the window. She follows, motioning to his wound.

SIDNEY
And clean that up. It's nasty.

She gives him a kiss goodnight. Sweet and simple.

SIDNEY
I appreciate the romantic gesture.

BILLY
(whisper)
Hey..about the sex stuff. I'm not trying to rush you. I was only half serious.

She kisses him again as he eases through the window.

CONTINUED: (4)

SIDNEY
Would you settle for a PG-13 relationship?

BILLY
What's that?

She pulls her flannel gown open for a split second...flashing her left breast. His mouth drops open...surprise, shock. Their eyes meet. They share a smile.

EXT. SCHOOL - MORNING

CLOSE ON A SIGN

"BAYBORO HIGH SCHOOL. HOME OF THE FIGHTING BULLDOGS"

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL a picture perfect small town school. Old and charming. Students come and go, moving about. Nothing unusual, except for the...

six police cars, four news vans, flashing cameras, and crowds and crowds of lookie-loo's gathered just off campus.

EXT. SIDEWALK

Sidney approaches the school seeing the commotion. Four different REPORTERS stand in front of four different cameras giving four different news reports.

She moves passed a policeman standing guard. Her interest peaked, she stops at the first reporter who is...

GALE WEATHERS

Thirties. Her smart face is overshadowed by a flashy smile and a massive mane of chemically enhanced hair.

GALE
(for the camera)
The small town of Bayboro, North Carolina was devastated last night when two young teenagers were found brutally butchered. Authorities have yet to issue a statement but our sources tell us that no arrest has been made and the murderer could strike again...

ON SIDNEY. Moved, disturbed. From behind, a finger taps her shoulder. She spins around to see...

TATUM RILEY, same age, feisty, carefree.

CONTINUED:

TATUM
Do you believe this shit?

SIDNEY
What happened?

They break away from the crowd and head for school.

TATUM
Oh God! You don't know? Casey Becker and Steve Forrest were killed last night.

SIDNEY
No way.

TATUM
And not just killed, Sid. We're talking splatter movie killed--split open end to end.

SIDNEY
Casey Becker? She sits next to me in English.

TATUM
Not anymore. Her parents found her hanging from a tree. Her insides on the outside.

SIDNEY
Do they know who did it?

TATUM
Fucking clueless--they're interrogating the entire school. Teachers, students, staff, janitors...

SIDNEY
They think it's school-related?

TATUM
They don't know. Dewey said this is the worse crime they've ever seen. Even worse than...
(stopping herself)
Well it's bad. They're bringing in the feds. This is big.

Sidney looks back at Gale, her face deeply pained.

INT. CLASSROOM - LATER

A frumpy old woman, MRS. TATE, faces her class. Her hands clasped together. A tragic look upon her face.

MRS. TATE
..a terrible tragedy. An unbearable loss. It's days like today we need prayer in school...

Sidney sits near the rear of the room. The desk in front of her sits vacant. Sidney can't take her eyes off it.

The door opens and a student enters with a slip of paper. He hands it to Mrs. Tate.

MRS. TATE
Sidney. It appears to be your turn, dear.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

The room is at capacity...wall to wall with police, and the likes. Some sit, stand, lean...

SHERIFF BURKE, a round man in his fifties, wipes the stress from his face.

SHERIFF BURKE
Who's up next?

A young officer looks at a clipboard. This is DEPUTY RILEY, better known as DEWEY. He's a big guy, 20's, handsome in a scrubbed-clean boyish way.

DEWEY
The Prescott girl.

Sheriff Burke gestures to bring her in. PRINCIPAL HIMBRY, 50's, an old coot of a man wearing a sour face speaks up.

MR. HIMBRY
Sidney Prescott. She was daughter of...

DEWEY
We all know Sidney, Mr. Himbry.

SHERIFF BURKE
How she doin'?

MR. HIMBRY
She's adjusted well. Maintains an "A" average. You'd never know she....

CONTINUED:

Himbry stops short, seeing Sidney in the doorway. He rises and seats her.

SHERIFF BURKE
Hi Sidney.

SIDNEY
Sheriff Burke. Dewey.

Dewey shakes his head seriously.

DEWEY
I'm Deputy Riley today, Sid.

SHERIFF BURKE
How's it goin'?

SIDNEY
I'm okay.

SHERIFF BURKE
How's your Dad?

SIDNEY
Better.

MR. HIMBRY
We'll be brief Sidney. The police have a few questions they'd like to ask you...

Sidney eyes them all nervously.

EXT. SCHOOL COURTYARD- LATER

Students sit at outdoor tables eating lunch. Crowded at one table is the "gang". This consists of Sidney and Billy and Tatum.

Next to Tatum, sits her boyfriend STUART, with his arm draped across her back. He's a half jock-half jokester.

Across the table is the fifth wheel, RANDY. A tall and gangly kid. No jock-all jokester.

STU
Then they asked me if I liked to hunt?

BILLY
Hunt? Why would they ask you that?

CONTINUED:

STU
Their bodies were gutted.

RANDY
Scraped clean, man.

TATUM
They didn't ask me that.

STU
Because there's no way a girl could have killed them.

TATUM
That is so sexist. The killer could easily be female.

STU
No way. They were hollowed out. Takes a man to do something like that.

TATUM
Or a man's mentality. You're a pig. Why do I date you?

STU
The torrid sex.

TATUM
(rolling her eyes)
Yeah, that's it.

Stu leans in and kisses her.

SIDNEY
Hey, Stu? Didn't you use to date Casey?

Tatum and Stu both look to Sidney. Stu's taken back, a little off guard.

STU
For about two seconds.

RANDY
Before she dumped him for Steve.

SIDNEY
Did you tell the police that?

STU
(offended)
What are you saying? That I like killed her or something?

CONTINUED: (2)

BILLY
No one's saying anything.

TATUM
Stu was with me last night.

RANDY
Oooooh...before or after he sliced and diced.

TATUM
Fuck you, nut case. Where were you last night?

RANDY
I was working, thank you.

TATUM
I thought Blockbuster fired you.

RANDY
Twice.

SIDNEY
I'm sorry, Stu. Ignore me, I'm trippin'.

STU
No problem.

RANDY
I hear they found her liver in the mailbox.

BILLY
Randy, you goon-fuck, enough already.

TATUM
I'm trying to eat here.

STU
Is my little woman getting queasy?

TATUM
Little woman this.

Stu nibbles at her neck. Tatum mock hits him--half mad, half giggly.

RANDY
Hey, Stu, she's getting mad. I think you better liver alone.

CONTINUED: (3)

ON Sidney as she tries hard to ignore it all.

EXT. HOUSE - LATER

A huge two story country home with a spacious lawn.

A big yellow school bus stops in front of the house and Sidney steps off. She sees her dad loading the car with a suitcase.

SIDNEY
(approaching)
Where you going?

MR. PRESCOTT
Raleigh. The expo's tomorrow.

SIDNEY
Did you hear about...

MR. PRESCOTT
I heard. It's on every channel.

SIDNEY
You're just going to leave?

MR. PRESCOTT
You can stay over at Tatum's. I already spoke to her mom.

SIDNEY
But...

MR. PRESCOTT
I'll be at the Hilton out at the airport.

SIDNEY
The killings were random, dad. It could happen again.

MR. PRESCOTT
I have to work, hon. I'm sure everything will be alright. I'll be back as soo...

SIDNEY
As soon as it's all over?

He's in the car now. He refuses to look his daughter straight on. Refuses to let her see how troubled he is.

CONTINUED:

MR. PRESCOTT
I think it's time we got on with things. I gotta run now.

SIDNEY
Yeah, you do that.

Mr. Prescott shuts the car door on a very strained relationship. Then he starts the car up and backs out of the driveway leaving his only daughter standing...very much alone.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Sidney is on the telephone.

SIDNEY
(into phone)
No, he just drove off...I don't know...it brings it all back, you know, the reporters, police...

TATUM
(through phone)
Hey, give it time. Your dad's going through his own shit.

SIDNEY
Yeah, I guess.

TATUM
Pick you up at seven?

SIDNEY
Tell your mom I said thanks.

TATUM
You bet. Seeya at seven.

SIDNEY
Bye.

Sidney hangs up. She takes a seat at her computer and boots it up. She sits in front of it staring at the blue screen...her own reflection staring back.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Sidney comes down the stairs, her arms carrying a change of clothes, toothbrush, make-up...

She opens the hall closet and pulls a small overnight bag from the top shelf. Moving into the living room she loads it up, plopping down on the sofa, hitting the TV remote.

CONTINUED:

CLOSE ON THE SCREEN

A news reporter fades in.

REPORTER #1
(on TV)
The entire nation was shocked today by the teen murders in North Carolina...

Sidney switches channels.

REPORTER #2
The State Bureau Of Investigation has joined forces with local authorities to help catch what the Governor has called the most heinous...

The channel switches again. Gale Weathers appears, standing in front of the school. Her white teeth gleaming.

GALE
This is not the first time the small town of Bayboro has endured such tragedy. Only a year ago, Maureen Prescott, wife and mother, was found raped and murdered...

An old black and white snapshot fills the screen--a woman, beautiful and familiar.

CLOSE ON SIDNEY

eyes frozen, mesmerized by the image. Suddenly she CLICKS the TV off. Her eyes go to the clock on the end table. 5:45 PM. Her eyes then move to the framed photo next to it...the same black and white photo stares at her...a healthy, vibrant woman. An older version of Sidney.

Sidney curls up on the sofa, closing her eyes tight...

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

The clock on the end table reads 7:15 PM. Sidney is fast asleep on the couch. The phone RINGS. Sidney leaps up grabbing the portable phone.

TATUM
(from phone)
Practice ran late. I'm on my way.

SIDNEY
(eyes clock)
It's past seven.

CONTINUED:

TATUM
Don't worry. Casey and Steve didn't bite it til way after 10.

SIDNEY
I'm not worried.

TATUM
Good, 'cause I wanna swing by BLOCKBUSTER and get us a video. I was thinkin' Tom Cruise in ALL THE RIGHT MOVES. You know, if you pause it just right you can see his penis.

SIDNEY
Whatever. Just hurry.

TATUM
Bye.

She hangs up the phone. It immediately RINGS again.

SIDNEY
(into phone)
Hello.

MAN'S VOICE
(from phone)
Who is this?

IT'S HIM. THE VOICE FROM BEFORE.

SIDNEY
Sidney. Who is this?

MAN
Sorry, wrong number. I was trying to reach...hey wait--is this the Sidney that goes to Bayboro High?

SIDNEY
Yeah. Who's this?

MAN
Guess.

Sidney thinks, trying to place his voice. It's sounds a little distorted.

SIDNEY
I have no idea.

CONTINUED: (2)

MAN
Things really got out of control today, didn't they?

SIDNEY
Who is this?

MAN
I guess this town is in for one hell of a spooky night.

SIDNEY
Stu? Is that you?

MAN
With the murders and everything...it's like right out of a horror movie or something.

SIDNEY
Aha, Randy. You gave yourself away. Are you calling from work? Tatum's on her way over to you.

MAN
Do you like scary movies, Sidney?

SIDNEY
(playing along)
No, Randy. I don't.

MAN
You don't like to be scared?

SIDNEY
I don't like to be insulted. Those movies are offensive. Not to mention sexist.

MAN
Spoken like a true feminist.

SIDNEY
Those movies are bogus. They're all the same. Some stupid killer chasing around some big breasted bimbette, who can't act, whose always walking into a dark basement or running up the stairs when she should be going out the front door? They portray women as being incredibly stupid.

CONTINUED: (3)

MAN
But you're not stupid, are you, Sidney?

SIDNEY
(stupid, cupie doll voice)
I like that thing you're doing with your voice, Randy. It's sexy.

MAN
Tell me something, Sidney. Was your Mother stupid?

Sidney immediately turns serious.

SIDNEY
What?

MAN
Is that why she's dead?

SIDNEY
You are so not funny, Randy.

MAN
Who is Randy?

SIDNEY
Who the fuck is this?

MAN
The question isn't who am I. The question is where am I?

SIDNEY
I don't know what movie you pulled this from--but it's not very original. After my mom died we got all sorts of prank calls.

MAN
But were they all calling from your front porch?

Sidney goes quiet. She eyes the door.

SIDNEY
I don't believe you.

MAN
Then open the door.

Sidney moves to the window. She pulls the drapes open.

CONTINUED: (4)

ANGLE THROUGH WINDOW. She can't quite see all of the porch.

SIDNEY
Why would you be calling me from my front porch?

MAN
That's the original part.

SIDNEY
Yeah? Well I call your bluff, pal.

Sidney goes to the front door. She unlocks the bolt, unsnags the chain, and pulls the door open....revealing the front porch...

COMPLETELY EMPTY.

She steps out onto it, phone still in hand. A single light shines overhead illuminating the porch, but little beyond. Darkness is all around.

SIDNEY
So where are you?

MAN
Right here.

Sidney peers out into the darkness past thick shrubs that grow on either side of the porch.

SIDNEY
Oh yeah? Can you see me right now?

MAN
Uh-huh.

SIDNEY
What am I doing?

She sticks her finger up her nose, pretending to pick. Silence. No answer.

SIDNEY
Thought so. Look, I've really enjoyed this bonding. But I'm hanging up now.

MAN
If you do. I'll kill you.

His seriousness unnerves her. She gets serious herself.

CONTINUED: (5)

SIDNEY
You just crossed the line, pal. That's a threat. And it's against the law. And I'm calling the cops.

She hangs up on him. Moves back inside the house. Locks, chains, and bolts the door. Then dials zero when...

A FIGURE COMES LEAPING OUT OF THE HALL CLOSET

rushing her,ramming into her side..the phone flies...the FIGURE is on top of her as she goes down...SCREAMING...

She looks up to see the FIGURE, darkly dressed with a pale, distorted face, white and ghostly...a mask.

Her instincts surface and she kicks up with her foot making contact with his leg...he topples over...coming right at her, his hand finding her neck. Suddenly, a long, silver blade appears above her.

Sidney pulls, jerks, twists...finally she lifts her torso forward knocking the FIGURE off her...sending him reeling into the living room. Wasting no time, Sidney leaps to her feet.

She moves to the front door, unlocks it...pulls it open...it catches on the chain. Shit! She pushes it closed again looking behind her..the FIGURE has risen, knife in hand. Sidney pulls on the chain and then--inexplicably turns and...

RUNS UP THE STAIRS. The FIGURE right behind her.

INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING

The FIGURE leaps at Sidney taking hold of her foot, she grabs madly at the wall...her hands grasp a framed painting--a quiet country home, subdued colors, done in oils--she rips it from the wall swinging it behind her...

It catches the FIGURE head on, smashing against his skull, sending him backwards, tumbling down the stairs. Sidney races to her bedroom...

INT. BEDROOM

She locks the door shut, then pulls her closet door open, placing the edge right at the door knob just as...

THE FIGURE POUNDS AGAINST THE BEDROOM DOOR...

ramming it, it rips open, but the closet door catches it in a crazy vice-like hold...keeping it shut.

CONTINUED:

Sidney grabs the desk phone. It's dead..off the hook downstairs.

The figure rushes the door several times..the frame splinters..but won't give.

Sidney is at her computer, she punches at the keypad madly.

CLOSE ON SCREEN AS WORDS APPEAR.

FAX MODEM

9-1-1 SEND

The knife slashes through the crack in the door wildly.

ON SCREEN AGAIN

HELP KILLER

34 ELM ST

Sidney presses SEND when it occurs to her--all is quiet. The FIGURE is gone. A fearful silence. She looks around...the only sound her own rapid, terrified BREATHING.

ON THE SCREEN

"Stay calm. Police enroute."

Suddenly a NOISE at the window...Sidney looks up to see...

BILLY

her boyfriend, staring at her, surprised.

SIDNEY
Oh Billy...please...God...

BILLY
I heard screaming. The door was locked. Are you okay...

SIDNEY
He's here. He's trying to kill me...

Billy pulls himself through the window. As he does, a small black object falls from his dark jeans. It hits the floor as Sidney eyes it...a sleek, compact cellular phone.

Sidney stops in her tracks. Their eyes meet...an eternity. A SIREN is heard in the distance. Sidney bolts...

CONTINUED: (2)

BILLY
Hey...wait...what's goin..

Billy reaches for her. Sidney unblocks the bedroom door and tears out of the room.

INT. LANDING

Sidney nearly falls down the stairs...

INT. FOYER

She rips the chain off the door, pulls it opens, coming face to face with a white, ghostly mask. A massive SCREAM erupts from her gut as...

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK

to find Dewey--Deputy Riley, holding it. Red lights flash, sirens BLAST as car after car surrounds the house.

Sidney falls into the safety of Dewey's arms.

EXT. FRONT YARD - MINUTES LATER

The yard is a whirlwind of activity. An ambulance, squad cars, cops everywhere...

CLOSE ON BILLY'S FACE

as it SMASHES against the hood of a police car. His hands are being cuffed, his rights being read.

BILLY
(screaming)
I didn't do anything! Sid...where's Sid? Ask her, she'll tell ya...

Dewey holds a car door open as Sheriff Burke steps out.

DEWEY
We got him, Sheriff. Billy Loomis.

SHERIFF BURKE
Hank Loomis' kid? Aw..Jesus...

DEWEY
He's her boyfriend.

They approach Billy as he's being placed in a squad car.

CONTINUED: (2)

BILLY
Sheriff...I didn't do it...please, call my Dad..please...

The squad car disappears with Billy as another car comes to a stop in front of the house. Tatum gets out, freaked beyond belief.

Back to the Sheriff and Dewey as they storm across the yard.

SHERIFF BURKE
Who was here first?

DEWEY
Me. I was responding to a distress call.

SHERIFF BURKE
What were you doing out here?

DEWEY
Drive by patrol.

SHERIFF BURKE
How's the girl?

DEWEY
She's tough.

SHERIFF BURKE
Have to be. The shit she's gone through.

Across the yard, sits Sidney, in the back of an ambulance as PARAMEDICS check her out.

Sheriff Burke and Riley approach.

SHERIFF BURKE
We're seeing a lot of you today.

She tries to smile but fails.

DEWEY
You gonna be able to come down to the station and talk to us a bit?

SIDNEY
..yeah...

Tatum appears, barreling past an OFFICER.

CONTINUED: (3)

TATUM
What happened? Oh God...

Tatum rushes to her, grabbing hold of her.

DEWEY
(to Tatum)
What are you doing here?

TATUM
Oh, God, Sid, I'm sorry I was late.

DEWEY
You can't be here, Tatum. This is an official crime scene.

SIDNEY
It's okay. She was supposed to pick me up.

TATUM
Her dad's out of town. She's staying with us.

DEWEY
Does mom know?

TATUM
Yes, you doofus.

Two news vans come driving up the street.

SHERIFF BURKE
The vultures are coming. Let's get you out of here.

EXT. STREET

A big, white news van comes to a stop in front of the house. The side door slides open and Gale Weathers hops out just in time to see Sidney being escorted to a squad car.

GALE
I'll be damned.

Jumping from the driver's seat is KENNY, Gale's cameraman and flunky. An earnest, young chap on the chubby side.

KENNY
What is it?

CONTINUED: (2)

GALE
Jesus! The camera--hurry!

But it's too late. Sidney is as good as gone. Gale sees Tatum moving quickly to her car.

GALE
Excuse me?

Tatum looks up to see Gale Weathers rushing her.

GALE
Was that Sidney Prescott they took away?

TATUM
I don't know.

Tatum hops in her car, ignoring her.

GALE
What happened to her?

TATUM
I'm not talking to you.

Tatum's car peels out as Kenny comes running up with his camera.

KENNY
Where'd she go?

Gale spins around, flashing her pearly whites.

GALE
Look, Kenny, I know you're new at this and about fifty pounds overweight but when I say hurry please interpret that as...MOVE YOUR FAT TUB OF LARD ASS NOW!

Gale moves back to the van. Kenny stands shell-shocked.

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

A small town station. The bull pen is a little square room with four desks and tonight--it's hopping. Cops everywhere.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE

Sidney sits at a desk drinking a cup of water. She wears the Sheriff's jacket over her shoulders. Dewey approaches.

CONTINUED:

SIDNEY
Did you reach my Dad?

DEWEY
You're sure it was the Hilton?

SIDNEY
At the airport.

DEWEY
He didn't have a reservation. And they were booked. Could he have gone to another hotel?

SIDNEY
I don't know. I guess.

DEWEY
We'll find him, Sid. Don't worry.

Sidney stares blankly, numb.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE

Billy sits opposite Sheriff Burke. Next to Billy, sits his father, HANK LOOMIS, an older version of Billy.

SHERIFF BURKE
What are you doing with a cellular telephone, son?

MR. LOOMIS
It's my phone. He was just playing around with it.

SHERIFF BURKE
You got some idea of playing around, boy.

BILLY
I didn't call anyone with it. I just took it for fun.

MR. LOOMIS
Everybody's got one now. Why don't you check the phone bill for chrissakes. Call my carrier--AirFone Comp. They'll have records of every number dialed.

SHERIFF BURKE
Thank you, Hank. We're on it. What were you doing out at Sidney's tonight?

CONTINUED:

BILLY
I just wanted to see her, that's all.

SHERIFF BURKE
You rode your bike out there?

BILLY
Yes, sir.

SHERIFF BURKE
And last night? Sidney said you crawled through her window last night too?

MR. LOOMIS
(surprised)
You were out last night?

BILLY
I watched TV for awhile but then I felt like going for a bike ride.

SHERIFF BURKE
Did you ride past Casey Becker's house?

BILLY
No, I didn't. I didn't kill anyone, Sheriff.

SHERIFF BURKE
How did you get those scratches on your arm?

BILLY
Climbing through Sidney's window.

SHERIFF BURKE
We're gonna want to match your blood with some blood found under Casey Becker's fingernails.

BILLY
Fine.

SHERIFF BURKE
And we're gonna have to keep you. The governor's got SBI, FBI, and god knows who else on their way down here.

Billy fights tears.

CONTINUED: (2)

BILLY
This is crazy. I didn't do it.

Sheriff Burke eyes him up and down, very carefully.

INT. POLICE BULL PEN - MINUTES LATER

Tatum has joined Sidney. The sheriff's door opens and Billy is led out by a coupla UNIFORMS. Burke and Dewey appear in the door watching Tatum comfort Sidney.

OUT OF EAR SHOT

DEWEY
That ghost mask is sold at both Kroger's and WalMart. Neither of which keep purchase records.

SHERIFF BURKE
What about the cellular phone bill?

DEWEY
They're pulling Loomis' account. But it'll be morning before we see something.

TATUM
(o.s.)
Hey..Dewey. Can we go now?

DEWEY
Hold up a sec...

SHERIFF BURKE
She staying with you?

DEWEY
Her Dad's supposed to be in Raleigh but we can't find him.

SHERIFF BURKE
He's been a drinker since the trial. Probably under a barstool. He'll surface.

TATUM
(o.s.)
Goddammit, Dewey!

Dewey turns to her, his face red.

CONTINUED:

DEWEY
(screaming)
What did Mama tell you? When I wear this badge you treat me like a man of the law.

TATUM
I'm sorry, Deputy Dewey-boy but we're ready to go.

SHERIFF BURKE
Use the back way. Avoid the circus.

EXT. POLICE STATION - SIDE DOOR

The door opens and Sidney, Tatum, Dewey, and a coupla OFFICERS exit avoiding the horde of REPORTERS that can be seen around the corner waiting anxiously at the front entrance.

DEWEY
I'll get the car. Wait here.

Dewey takes off. From the darkness of the alley, Gale Weathers appears with Kenny and his camera. They've been waiting.

GALE
Hello Sidney.

Sidney spins around to see Gale, standing, smiling at her. Sidney's body tightens and her face goes taut.

GALE
Some night.

Their eyes meet in a cold familiar stare.

GALE
Are y.ı alright?

Sidney says nothing. She's visibly shaking.

GALE
What happened?

TATUM
She's not answering any questions. Just leave us alone, okay?

SIDNEY
It's okay, Tatum. She's just doing her job. Right, GALE?

CONTINUED:

GALE
Yes, that's right.

Dewey, in a squad car, turns into the alley and pulls up. The other news people have wisened up. They begin to flock the alley.

SIDNEY
How's the book?

GALE
It'll be out later this year.

Sidney tries to contain herself..squeezing a clenched fist.

SIDNEY
I'll look for it.

GALE
I'll send you a copy.

In a blurred, unexpected instant, Sidney brings her fist forward, SMASHING it hard into Gale Weathers's face. The impact sends Gale reeling backwards, knocking into Kenny as they both tumble to the pavement.

ON SIDNEY...breathing deep, a sense of satisfaction on her face.

INT. TATUM'S BEDROOM - LATER

A spacious bedroom. Typical. Tatum and Sidney lay on the bed. They both wear night shirts.

TATUM
God, I loved it. "I'll send you a copy." BAM! Bitch went down. "I'll send you a copy." BAM! Sid--SuperBitch!

Dewey appears in the doorway holding a bag of ice.

DEWEY
I thought you might want some ice for that right hook.

Sidney sits up, takes the ice, and puts it on her hand.

DEWEY
I'll be right next door. Try to get some sleep.

Dewey moves back out the door.

CONTINUED: (2)

SIDNEY
Any word on my Dad?

DEWEY
(turning to her)
Not yet, but we're looking. If you need anything...

TATUM
Yeah, yeah, yeah...

Dewey smiles, pulling the door closed on his way out. Sidney lies back down.

SIDNEY
Just another sleepover at the Riley's.

TATUM
Just like old times, ain't it?

SIDNEY
No, nothing's like it used to be.

Sidney rolls over on her side, away from Tatum.

A telephone RINGS somewhere in the house.

TATUM
Do you really think Billy did it?

SIDNEY
He was there, Tatum.

TATUM
It's so wierd. To call you up and tell you he's going to kill you. He must of saw that movie where the killer would call the babysitter and say, "Have you checked the children?"

SIDNEY
Please, Tatum. I'm living my own movie here.

A KNOCK at the door. It opens and a friendly, graying woman pops in. This is MAMA RILEY. She wears a comforting smile.

MAMA RILEY
Telephone, dear.

CONTINUED: (3)

TATUM
Who is it?

MAMA RILEY
It's for Sid.

SIDNEY
My Dad?

Mama Riley shakes her head sadly.

TATUM
Take a message.

SIDNEY
It's alright. I'll get it.

Sidney takes off out the door. Mama Riley motions to Tatum.

MAMA RILEY
(whispers)
How is she?

Tatum shrugs.

INT. HALLWAY

Sidney grabs the phone at the end of the hall.

SIDNEY
Hello?

MAN
(from phone)
Hello Sidney.

IT'S HIM. The CAMERA does a Hitchcock as Sidney's entire body goes weak..his VOICE moving through her..invading her. She CRIES OUT.

SIDNEY
NOOOOOOO...

Mama Riley turns in the doorway. Tatum comes bolting out of the bedroom.

MAN
(from phone)
You're just like your Mom, aren't you? An innocent guy doesn't stand a chance around you.

CONTINUED: (2)

SIDNEY
LEAVEMEALONE!

MAN
Poor Billy-boyfriend. Looks like you fingered the wrong guy...<u>again</u>.

SIDNEY
Who are you?

TATUM
Hang up, Sid.

MAN
Don't worry. You'll find out soon enough. I promise.

Mama Riley BEATS on a closed bedroom door.

MAMA RILEY
Dewey! Dewey!

MAN
This is gonna be fun, Sidney. Just like old times.

CLICK.

Dewey flies out of his room wearing only his boxers..holding his gun.

DEWEY
What? What?

The phone goes dead. Sidney stands frozen.

EXT. BAYBORO MAIN STREET - DAWN - ESTABLISHING

The morning sun shines high over Bayboro Townsquare. Cars come to life, townsfolk stir as the picture postcard community awakens from a restless sleep.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Sidney and Tatum sit at the kitchen table, dressed and ready for school as Mama Riley serves up breakfast. A small television sits on the counter BLARING.

Dewey, in uniform, stands near the door, talking on the phone.

CONTINUED:

MAMA RILEY
I think you girls really should stay home today.

TATUM
Your objection is duly noted.

SIDNEY
I'd rather be around a lot of people, Mama Riley.

From the TV, Sidney hears her name, "SIDNEY PRESCOTT..." All eyes go to the television.

REPORTER
(on TV)
..who escaped a vicious attack last night was the daughter of Maureen Prescott who was brutally killed last year when convicted murderer Cotton Weary...

INSERT of COTTON WEARY, in prison fatigues. A young man, once handsome, now haggard and worn.

REPORTER
(cont'd)
..broke into their home and savagely raped and tortured the deceased. Cotton Weary is currently awaiting appeal for the death sentence handed down after the young Sidney testified against him. She was the key witness in the state's prosecution...

SIDNEY
It's never gonna stop. Is it?

Dewey is off the phone.

DEWEY
Billy was released. No match on the blood evidence and his cellular bill was clean. He didn't make those calls.

SIDNEY
Somebody called me, Dewey. I'm not making it up.

DEWEY
I know. We're checking every cellular account in the county. Any calls made to you or Casey Becker are being cross-referenced. It's gonna take time but we'll find him.

CONTINUED: (2)

SIDNEY
And my Dad? Any word on him?

Riley shakes his head "no".

EXT. SCHOOL STREET - LATER

Once again, REPORTERS line the street attacking students as they make their way to school, asking questions, hungry for that teenage insight.

Dewey's patrol jeep cruises by. Sidney watches from the passenger's window.

INT. PATROL JEEP

Dewey pulls up in front of the school. Tatum hops out while Sid lingers, suddenly unsure. Dewey takes notice.

DEWEY
Hey, it's school. You'll be safe here.

Sidney forces herself out of the jeep as a microphone is shoved in her face...

REPORTER
How does it feel to almost be brutally butchered?

Dewey leaps from the car, intercepting the reporter.

DEWEY
Leave the girl alone, will ya? She wants to go to school.

Sidney eyes the newsvan that's pulled up behind her. The side door slides open and Gale steps out.

TATUM
Come on, Sid.

SIDNEY
Just a sec...I need to talk to someone.

She heads over to Gale.

EXT. NEWSVAN - STREET

Sidney, puts her head down, hiding her face...avoiding other reporters as she makes her way to...

Gale who sits in the open door, checking her face in a mirror. Makeup tries hard to hide Sid's handiwork--a swollen black and blue right cheek.

CONTINUED:

Gale spots Sidney immediately and leaps to her feet.

GALE
Stop right there.

Sidney throws her hands up in surrender.

SIDNEY
I'm not here to fight.

GALE
Just stay back.

SIDNEY
I just want to talk.

GALE
(calling into the van)
Kenny. Camera. Now.

Kenny's head darts out from the van.

SIDNEY
Off the record. No cameras.

GALE
Forget it.

Sidney contains herself.

SIDNEY
Please. You owe me.

GALE
I owe you shit.

Gale moves inside the van. But Sidney is relentless.

SIDNEY
You owe my mother.

GALE
Your mother's murder was last year's hottest court case. Somebody was gonna write a book about it.

SIDNEY
And it had to be you with all your lies and bullshit theories.

CONTINUED: (2)

GALE
You haven't even read it yet.

SIDNEY
I don't have to. I know the way you work. I watched you all through the trial.

GALE
I gave you every opportunity to tell your side of things.

SIDNEY
Like it would matter. The way you misquote and misconstrue...

GALE
(flippant)
That's my job. I'm a journalist.

SIDNEY
And what's your job as a human being?

GALE
To breathe.

Sidney could strangle this woman. She could also collapse to the ground and cry for days. Gale senses this frailty.

GALE
Look, I'm sorry about your mother. I'm sure nothing is harder. But don't blame me, blame Cotton Weary.

SIDNEY
Do you still think he's innocent?

Gale is caught off guard by this. She looks to Kenny, making extreme eye contact with him, then eyes the camera--cueing him.

GALE
He was convicted in a court of law. Your testimony put him away. They're gonna gas him. It doesn't matter what I think.

Kenny slowly reaches over and hits the handheld video camera that sits on the floor of the van. A red light flashes on, unseen by Sidney.

CONTINUED: (3)

SIDNEY
During the trial, you did all those stories about me. You called me a liar.

GALE
I think you falsely identified him. Yes.

SIDNEY
Have you talked to him?

GALE
Several times.

SIDNEY
Has his story changed?

GALE
Not one word. He admits to having sex with your mother but that's all.

SIDNEY
He's lying. She wouldn't have touched him. He raped her, then butchered her. Her blood was all over his coat.

GALE
He was drunk that night. He claims he left his coat at your house, after your mother seduced him...

SIDNEY
I saw him leave wearing it.

GALE
But couldn't it have been someone else you saw wearing that coat? The same person who planted it in Cotton's car, framing him? The same person who really kille· your mother?

A long beat. Sidney considers this for the millionth time.

SIDNEY
Maybe. I don't know.

Gale's face lights up. Her lips tighten in a most subtle smile.

GALE
You think you might have made a mistake and the killer is still on the loose?

CONTINUED: (4)

Sidney clams up, scared to say anything more.

Tatum comes waltzing up.

TATUM
(to GALE)
Nice welt.

Gale ignores her, zeroing in on Sidney, half realizing.

GALE
The killings are related, aren't they?

TATUM
Yo--let's rock.

Sidney starts to fidget.

SIDNEY
I've gotta go.

She takes off with Tatum, looking back at Gale.

SIDNEY
I'm sorry I mangled your face.

And then she disappears in the crowd of students moving across campus.

Gale looks at Kenny.

GALE
Tell me you got that?

KENNY
I got that.

GALE
Jesus, what a story! An innocent man on death row and a killer still at large.

KENNY
You want to go live?

GALE
Not so fast.

KENNY
You can't sit on this. This is huge.

CONTINUED: (5)

GALE
It's also a book sequel with a hefty advance. Let's see what happens next.

Gale's face is racing with the possibilities.

EXT. SCHOOL CAMPUS - SECONDS LATER

Tatum and Sidney avoid reporters as they make their way safely onto campus.

TATUM
Just relax. You're at school now. No one can get you here.

SIDNEY
But if it wasn't Billy it could be anybody. He could be here at school right now.

TATUM
Serial killers are smart by definition. They minimize their risk. They plan and pre-calculate everything. Showing up here would be like the most lame-brain move he could make.

They move up the walk as a FIGURE falls in step behind them, sporting a WHITE GHOST MASK.

SIDNEY
He promised me he'd be back.

TATUM
I wouldn't put too much stock in a psycho's promise.

SIDNEY
I hope you're right.

As easy as the figure appeared, it disappears--falling out of sight, unseen by either of them.

TATUM
Trust me, I know what I'm talking about.

They move up the front steps toward the main doors of the school as the GHOST MASKED FIGURE reappears...standing at the top of the steps..Sidney sees it first, stopping dead in her tracks.

She steps back, spinning around to find...

CONTINUED:

A GHOST FACE behind her as well, both of them approaching, closing in on her as...

THE CAMERA WIDENS to reveal the campus grounds busy with students coming and going. GHOST FACES are seen scattered about as several MASK WEARING STUDENTS run amuck, laughing and goofing off.

EXT. STREET

In front of the school we catch a REPORTER doing a live remote. He holds a mask in his hand.

REPORTER
This morning several students, in what appears to be a prank, have been spotted wearing masks. School officials have yet to comment but this is the same type of mask worn by the killer...

INT. CLASSROOM - MINUTES LATER

Just before the bell. Sidney and Tatum sit next to each other toward the rear of the room.

SIDNEY
This wasn't such a good idea. I shoulda stayed home.

TATUM
Don't worry. I won't let anything happen to you.

Sidney's eyes go to the door...Billy stands in the doorway with Stu, staring at her. Tatum eyes him as well.

TATUM
Shit, what is he doing here?

SIDNEY
I bet he's pissed.

TATUM
Just ignore him. You had good reason to think what you did.

Billy and Stu approach. Billy's face is solemn.

BILLY
Hi, Sid. Can we talk a sec?

Sidney says nothing. She can barely look at him. Tatum intervenes.

CONTINUED:

TATUM
You know if I were accused of carving up two people, I'd take the opportunity to skip school.

STU
Go easy, Tatum. He didn't do it.

BILLY
Talk to me, Sid.

LAUGHTER takes their attention. They turn to the front of the room to see a...

GHOST MASKED FIGURE attacking a GIRL. The figure throws the girl over a desk and fake assaults her. She fake SCREAMS as other students enjoy the show.

SIDNEY
Why are they doing this?

TATUM
You know this school. This is like Christmas to them.

ON SIDNEY as she sinks into her desk, her face in her hands, trying hard to wish it away.

Billy catches her reaction. He rushes to the front of the room where he bulldozes the FIGURE...

throwing him against the blackboard, ripping the mask off the student's face. Billy holds the guy by the neck with one arm.

BILLY
You are so fucking unfunny.

With brute strength, Billy squeezes the guy's neck. The student starts to CHOKE. Suddenly the whole room stills as everyone watches nervously. Billy senses every eye is on him...he releases the guy.

He turns to see Sidney slip out the back side door. Their eyes meet for a fraction of a second as the...

BELL RINGS.

INT. CORRIDOR - SECONDS LATER

With first period underway, the halls have cleared. One or two straggling students can be seen rushing to class.

CONTINUED:

Sidney comes around a corner quickly. She leans against a row of lockers, GASPING, her face flushed. She takes a moment, trying to compose herself, not seeing...

A GHOST MASKED FIGURE standing behind her in the middle of the hallway, staring at her, his head tilted, quizzical.

She takes off down the hall, quickly moving around a corner, running smack into...

BILLY

They collide hard catching Sidney off guard, scaring the life out of her. She falls backwards, but Billy catches her fall.

SIDNEY
Jesus, SHIT!

BILLY
Hey, hey, it's just me.

Sidney pulls away from him quickly. Billy feels the slight.

BILLY
What? You don't still think it's me?

Sidney catches her breath.

SIDNEY
No..I don't...it's just...Oh God, Billy...someone was there..someone tried to kill me.

BILLY
The police say I scared him off. It wasn't me, Sid.

SIDNEY
I know. He called again last night at Tatum's house.

BILLY
See, it couldn't have been me. I was in jail. Remember?

SIDNEY
I'm so sorry...please understand.

BILLY
Understand what? That I got a girlfriend who would rather accuse me of being a psychopathic killer than touch me.

CONTINUED: (2)

SIDNEY
You know that's not true.

BILLY
Then how come every time I get near you--
you wierd out?

SIDNEY
I'm still adjusting to my mom. You know
that.

BILLY
But things are getting worse, Sid, not
better.

SIDNEY
I'm sorry. I just need time.

BILLY
It's been a year now.

SIDNEY
(correcting him)
Tomorrow. One year tomorrow.

BILLY
You gotta let that go, Sid. Your mom's
not coming back. But I'm here and I'd
never hurt you. I...love you.

This pierces Sidney. Billy reaches for her--she recoils instantly. Billy throws his hands up in the air, beaten.

SIDNEY
Oh Billy, I'm so sorry.

BILLY
Yeah. You keep saying that.

Billy's hurt. It's in his eyes. He turns and walks away, disappearing around a corner, leaving Sidney alone in the empty hallway.

Face flushed, she moves to a door marked GIRL'S BATHROOM.

INT. GIRL'S BATHROOM

Large and spacious. Closed bathroom stalls line one wall facing a row of sinks and a huge mirror. Sidney enters as TWO GIRLS tinkle and talk--each from their respective stalls.

CONTINUED:

GIRL #1
She was never attacked. I think she made it all up.

GIRL #2
Why would she lie about it?

GIRL #1
For attention. The girl has some serious issues.

Sidney listens intently.

A toilet FLUSHES. Sidney quickly jumps in a stall, hiding.

Suddenly, the bathroom door creeps open and A GHOST MASKED FIGURE enters.

GIRL #2
It just doesn't make sense.

In a quick, smooth move, the FIGURE glides into the stall next to Sidney and closes the door as the stall next to it opens and GIRL #1 appears. She looks like her voice--a snotty little twit.

GIRL #1
What if she did it? What if Sidney killed Casey and Steve?

GIRL #2
And why would she do that?

GIRL #1
Maybe she was hot for Steve and killed them both in a jealous rage.

ANGLE FROM ABOVE as Sidney leans against the stall door listening, unknowing of the MASKED FIGURE next to her. Another toilet FLUSHES.

GIRL #2
What would Sidney want with Steve? She has her own bubble-butt boyfriend Billy.

GIRL #1
Maybe she's a slut just like her mom.

GIRL #2
You're evil.

CONTINUED: (2)

GIRL #1
Please, it's common knowledge. Her mother was a trollop.

GIRL #2 appears from her stall--another twit. They both stand in front of the mirror adjusting two snotty faces.

GIRL #2
Cut Sid some slack. She watched her mom get butchered.

GIRL #1
And it fucked her up royally. Think about it. Her mom gets killed by an angry lover so Sidney does the same thing. Retribution. It makes perfect sense. Her mom's death leaves her distraught and hostile at a cruel and inhumane world, she's disillusioned, where's God, etc. Very suicidal. And one day she snaps. She wants to kill herself but realizes teen suicide is out this year. And homicide is a much healthier therapeutic expression.

From the stall, Sidney listens, her heart pounding, jaw quivering.

GIRL #2
Where do you get this shit?

GIRL #1
Ricki Lake.

The two girls exit. The bathroom goes silent. The only sound being Sidney's own rapid BREATHING. She moves out of the stall, catching her reflection in the mirror.

SIDNEY
Pathetic.

CLINK! Sidney spins around. A NOISE from within a bathroom stall. CLINK! It echoes through the room.

SIDNEY
Hello.

Sidney eyes two feet protruding from a stall on the end.

SIDNEY
Who's there?

CONTINUED: (3)

A long, morose silence. And then:

MAN'S VOICE
(o.c--singsong)
Siddneey...

The VOICE strikes Sidney like a nail through the eye. She stands thunderstruck...until the stall door begins to SQUEAK open and that's all she wrote. In a flash...

Sidney is gone...bolting to the exit door, nearly slipping on the slick floor...

INT. CORRIDOR

Sidney flies out of the bathroom door...burning up the hallway, not looking back. A TEACHER, hearing her SCREAM, peers out from an open doorway...as Sidney sprints by him, not stopping, disappearing through exit doors into the bright sunny day.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE on a red-faced Principal Himbry as he reads someone the riot act.

MR. HIMBRY
Two students are dead. Fellow classmates. Savagely murdered. The biggest tragedy to hit Bayboro High in my thirty-seven years as principal. And how, as responsible, maturing human beings, do we express our compassion and sensitivity?

The CAMERA SWINGS AROUND to reveal four GHOST MASKED STUDENTS standing at attention.

MR. HIMBRY
We throw on a mask and dance around campus just hoping someone else gets butchered and real soon before we get bored again. I'm sickened. Your whole havoc-inducing, thieving, whoring generation disgusts me. I should expel the lot of you.

The GHOSTS doth protest...

GHOST #1
Aw, come on, Mr. Himbry...

CONTINUED:

GHOST #2
It was just a joke.

GHOST #3
That's not fair.

MR. HIMBRY
No, it's not fair. Fairness would be to rip your insides out and hang you from a tree so you can be exposed for the desensitized, heartless little shits that you are.

A demonic glaze has taken over Mr. Himbry's face. The GHOSTS don't budge, scared to even breathe. Mr. Himbry eases up--covering a deep rooted hostility.

MR. HIMBRY
Detention hall till you graduate. Now give me those masks and get the hell out of my sight.

The students rip off the masks, placing them on his desk, then file out as the phone RINGS.

Mr. Himbry yanks the phone up.

MR. HIMBRY
Yeah...Sheriff, it's getting out of control over here...I'm about ready to call it quits. Yeah...Okay.

He hangs up--his face deeply disturbed.

EXT. SCHOOL COURTYARD - LUNCH - LATER

Lunchtime at Bayboro High. Tables are crowded, the talk is high, there's definitely an unhinged energy in the air.

CLOSE on a girl as she feeds her GHOST MASKED boyfriend a french fry. At the table next to them sit...

Randy and Stu chowing down.

RANDY
What'd you say to Billy?

STU
What do you mean what did I say to Billy? I said whatever the fuck I always say to Billy. What the fuck's up?

CONTINUED:

RANDY
Did he look guilty?

STU
How the fuck would I know?

RANDY
Your his best friend. You've known him since kindergarten.

STU
You circle jerked too pal. That doesn't mean shit. He could be the fucking Candyman for all I know.

RANDY
I think he did it.

STU
Then why'd the police let him go?

RANDY
Because, obviously, they don't watch enough movies. This is standard horror movie stuff. PROM NIGHT revisited. Billy's got killer printed all over his forehead.

STU
But he has no motive. Why would he want to kill his own girlfriend?

RANDY
There's always some stupid bullshit reason to kill your girlfriend. That's the beauty of it all. Simplicity. Besides, if it's too complicated you lose your target audience.

STU
So what's his reason?

RANDY
Maybe Sidney wouldn't have sex with him.

STU
She's saving herself for you.

RANDY
You got it.

CONTINUED: (2)

STU
Why did he kill Casey and Steve?

RANDY
I don't know--practice. Hey, now that Billy's tried to mutilate her, you think I got a chance with Sidney?

STU
I think her father did it. How come they can't find his ass?

RANDY
Because he's probably dead. His body will come popping out in the last reel somewhere...eyes gauged. See, the police are always off track with this shit, if they'd watch PROM NIGHT they'd save time. There's a formula to it. A very simple one. Everyone's always a suspect--the father, the principal, the town derelict...

STU
Which is you...

RANDY
So while they're off investigating a dead end, Billy, who's been written off as a suspect, is busy planning his next hunting expedition.

STU
How do I know you're not the killer? Maybe your movie-freaked mind lost it's reality button?

RANDY
You're absolutely right. I'm the first to admit it. If this were a scary movie, I'd be the prime suspect.

STU
And what would be your motive?

RANDY
It's 1995--motives are incidental.

Randy pops a fry.

EXT. SCHOOL STREET - LUNCH

Dewey sits in his patrol car listening to the police radio band, his eyes staring at it intently, when suddenly, through the open window comes...

Gale Weathers, her fake face aglow.

GALE
Hi! Gale Weathers. Field Correspondent, INSIDE STORY.

DEWEY
I know who you are, ma'am. How's the eye?

GALE
Productive. Can we talk a sec?

DEWEY
Uh..I don't think that's a good idea.

GALE
Don't worry. I'm not here to badger you for information. Just bored. This is strictly a friendly how do you do.

Gale moves around the side of the jeep and hops in next to him. Dewey notes the hip action as she walks.

DEWEY
You're not supposed to be here, ma'am.

GALE
I know, I should be in New York covering the Sharon Stone stalker but who knew? Please, call me Gale. You look awfully young to be a police officer.

DEWEY
I'm twenty-five years old, ma'am.

GALE
Too bad. In a demographic study I proved to be most popular amongst males, 11-24. I just missed you. Of course, you don't look a day over twelve, except in the upper torso area. Does the force require that you work out?

Suddenly, Dewey is school boy nervous.

CONTINUED:

DEWEY
No, ma'am. Because of my boyish good looks, muscle mass has increased my acceptance as a serious police officer.

GALE
And, I'm sure it comes in handy when catching a serial killer.

DEWEY
Yes, ma'am.

Dewey blushes a bit.

GALE
Of course, it's not really accurate to say serial killer--two murders do not a serial killer make. You have to knock off a few more before you get that title. But we're hoping he'll come through for us. It's a shame we don't have more leads though. A ghost mask, a cellular phone--not much there.

DEWEY
We're tracking the cellular phone bill.

GALE
Really? You small town guys are good.

DEWEY
Thank you.

GALE
Have you located Sidney's father?

DEWEY
No, not yet.

GALE
He's not a suspect, is he?

DEWEY
We haven't ruled out that possibil...

Dewey, realizing he's said too much, clams up.

DEWEY
If you'll excuse me, I should get back to work.

CONTINUED: (2)

GALE
Am I keeping you? I'm sorry.

DEWEY
That's quite alright. If I may say so, ma'am, you're much prettier in person.

GALE
So you do watch the show?

DEWEY
(earnestly)
I just turned 25. I was 24 for a whole year.

GALE
You are precious. Please, call me Gale.

Gale turns and walks away, smiling, as a blushing Dewey watches her go.

EXT. CAMPUS - LUNCH

On green grass, under a tree, sit Sidney and Tatum several yards away from the school building. It is quiet here with only one or two other students in the distance.

TATUM
Maybe Cotton Weary is telling the truth. Maybe he <u>was</u> having an affair with your mom.

SIDNEY
So you think my mom was a slut too?

TATUM
I didn't say that, Sid. But you know there were rumors. Your dad was always out of town on business. Maybe your mom was a very unhappy woman.

SIDNEY
But why sleep with Cotton Weary? The guy was a loser.

TATUM
With a wrought-iron ass. The guy was young and hot. Maybe she had a thing for little boys.

CONTINUED:

SIDNEY
If they were having an affair how come Cotton couldn't prove it in court?

TATUM
You can't prove a rumor. That's why it's a rumor.

SIDNEY
Created by media propaganda.

TATUM
(delicately)
It goes further back, Sid. People have always talked.

SIDNEY
And you believe them?

TATUM
Well...you can only hear that Richard Gere-gerbil story so many times before you have to start believing it.

A long silence as Sidney agonizes over all of this.

SIDNEY
I just don't know anymore.

STU
(off camera)
Hey! Sex Puppies!

CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS to reveal Stu and Randy approaching, plopping down beside them.

TATUM
(kissing Stu)
You pig.

RANDY
Hi, Sidney. How's it going?

SIDNEY
Okay.

STU
School's out. Cancelled. Over. Til further notice.

CONTINUED: (2)

TATUM
Pathos has it's perks.

STU
Party tonight, my house--my dad won't be back til Monday.

RANDY
A killer party. Get it? Killer-Party?

Tatum shoots Randy a you-asshole look.

RANDY
Sorry, Sid--nothing big, just us, hanging, watching some videos.

SIDNEY
No sweat, Randy. Color me there.

TATUM
Sid? Are you sure?

SIDNEY
There's safety in numbers.

RANDY
Cool.

STU
Partayyyy....

Stu leans in and gives Tatum a kiss--a long, wet one. Sid and Randy exchange a sheepish look...no one noticing the chubby little kid that sits a few feet down, eavesdropping. A closer look reveals Kenny--the cameraman.

CLOSE ON his face as he memorizes every word.

EXT. POLICE STATION - SHERIFF'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Sheriff Burke's face heats up as Deputy Riley marches in, hurriedly.

SHERIFF BURKE
Dewey! Where the hell you been, boy?

DEWEY
Over at the school.

SHERIFF BURKE
Listen up, Dewey, because it's bad. Real bad. Aircomp just faxed us. The calls were listed to Neil Prescott--Sidney's
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

SHERIFF BURKE (cont'd)
father. He made the calls with his cellular phone. It's confirmed.

DEWEY
Couldn't his cellular number have been cloned?

SHERIFF BURKE
There's more. Guess what tomorrow is? The anniversary of his wife's death. It all fits. He's our man.

DEWEY
Have you contacted the bureau?

SHERIFF BURKE
They believe he's out of state by now. We'll keep roadblocks in effect through the night. Curfew begins at sunset. If he's not picked up by morning--we'll do a house to house.

DEWEY
You think he could still be in town?

SHERIFF BURKE
He'd have to be crazy. Where's Sidney?

DEWEY
She's with my sister. Should I bring her in?

SHERIFF BURKE
Hold off for now. Just stay close to her.

DEWEY
She'll be with her friends over at Stu Maker's tonight.

SHERIFF BURKE
Watch her. Don't let on--just keep your eye out.

DEWEY
Yes, sir.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - SUNSET

Night is quickly approaching. CLOSED SIGNS begin to fill the storefronts as people rush home to beat the curfew...fear in the air.

INT. SUPERMARKET - SUNSET

Sidney and Tatum are in the junk food section of the local grocery store. Sidney pushes a basket while Tatum fills it up with trash food. The store appears to be completely empty. The girls gab.

SIDNEY
Is Billy going to be there tonight?

TATUM
He better not be. I told Stu to keep his mouth shut.

SIDNEY
That's not fair. They're best friends.

TATUM
Billy's the last person in the world you need to be around right now. Stu can live without him for one night.

Sidney grabs some salsa from the shelf. Down the aisle, standing casually, under bright fluorescent lights is the GHOST MASKED FIGURE. Sidney fails to see him.

SIDNEY
I don't mind, really. I feel bad about what's happened. Billy's been so good to me and then I go and accuse him...

TATUM
What is it with All-American Billy boy? The way everybody thinks he walks water. I don't get it.

SIDNEY
He's been so patient with me, Tatum. You know, with all the sex stuff. Dating me hasn't exactly been a Madonna video.

TATUM
Billy and his penis don't deserve you.

SIDNEY
How many guys would put up with a girlfriend whose sexually anorexic?

TATUM
Fuck him. If you don't want to have sex, that's your business.

CONTINUED:

A lone CHECK OUT LADY, big and frumpy, pokes her head down the aisle. The GHOST quickly disappears.

CHECK OUT LADY
You girls gonna have to hurry it up. We're under curfew.

Tatum waves, "Just a sec." The check out lady returns to the front of the store. In the rounded mirror above, the GHOST can be seen moving down the aisle next to the girl's.

SIDNEY
It's like I've been revirginized. Whenever I get close to Billy, I just can't relax.

TATUM
You have a few intimacy issues as a result of your mother's untimely death. It's no big deal. You'll thaw out.

Tatum throws a bag of chips into the basket. They push the basket into the next aisle. They don't realize it but they're standing no more than two feet from the GHOST. He has blended in with an advertised food display.

SIDNEY
What do you think about when you're having sex?

TATUM
With Stu, there's little time to stop and reflect. But sometimes before, to relax and get in the mood, I think about Grant Goodeve.

SIDNEY
Who?

TATUM
Grant Goodeve--the oldest brother on EIGHT IS ENOUGH. Remember that show? He was the one who lived off alone. He would come around every now and then with his guitar and sing "Eight is enough to fill our lives with love..." He had all these brain dead sisters and that idiot brother from CHARLES IN CHARGE. God, I was in love with Grant, he was so hot. The show came on every day afterschool right during my puberty years. Grant Goodeve was very instrumental in my maturing as a woman.

CONTINUED: (2)

SIDNEY
How does that get you in the mood with Stu?

TATUM
During foreplay, I sing the theme song to myself, "Eight is enough to fill our lives with love..." It's a real turn on.

SIDNEY
No way.

TATUM
Grant wrote the song himself. I'm convinced the lyrics had a secret meaning, "Eight is enough..."

SIDNEY
What secret meaning? Like a Satanical thing?

They push the basket to the check out counter.

TATUM
Watch the show, Sid. His basket is bigger than the one you're pushing.

SIDNEY
TATUM!

TATUM
Oh Sidney. WHAT? A guy can talk tits til he's dead but the minute you mention an eight inch weenie. Watch out.

Sidney stops just short of a laugh. The check out lady eyes them.

TATUM
There's that sense of humor. I knew it still existed. Ohh, Sid, let's have some fun tonight.

SIDNEY
Deal.

Suddenly, the bell above the front door JINGLES. All three turn to see it slowly close shut, just missing whoever left. The check out lady turns to Sid and Tatum.

CONTINUED: (3)

CHECK OUT LADY
You girls be mindful tonight.

This woman is deadly serious. As if she knows something the girls don't.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MINUTES LATER

A patrol jeep sits in the middle of the road leading out of town. A UNIFORMED OFFICER stands by, radio in hand. A one-man roadblock. Tatum and Sidney approach in their car.

They pull up and stop as the officer leans his head in.

OFFICER
Evening girls. Where ya headed?

TATUM
Going over to Stu Maker's house. Watch some movies.

OFFICER
Be careful, girls.

TATUM
Will do, Stanley. Night-night.

She takes off, heading down the small country road out of town. Turning onto the road behind them, unseen by Tatum and Sid, is a big white newsvan.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MINUTES LATER

Tatum's car makes it's way down the long, winding road. Headlights illuminate the thick woods that line each side. At the end of the road sits...

STU'S HOUSE

It sits alone in a clearing, big and ominous with no neighbors in sight. A huge old home just ripe for a night of terror.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

A big room, nice stuff. Expensive taste. Tatum and Sid let themselves in.

TATUM
Caterer's here.

CONTINUED:

STU
In the kitchen.

The girls carry bags through a hallway that opens up onto an enormous kitchen. Randy and Stu hang over the kitchen sink, drinking beer from a funnel.

TATUM
That's mature.

STU
Where you guys been? We had to start without you.

Tatum and Sid set the munchies down and peruse a pile of videos on the counter.

SIDNEY
What's all this?

RANDY
I nabbed 'em from work. I thought we'd make it a Blockbuster night.

TATUM
THE FOG, TERROR TRAIN, PROM NIGHT--How come Jamie Lee Curtis is in all these movies?

RANDY
She's the Scream Queen.

STU
With that set of lungs--she should be.

TATUM
(to Sid)
Tits--see.

Stu gives Tatum a big smooch.

EXT. STU'S HOUSE - ROAD

The newsvan pulls up and parks unobtrusively on the side of the road a few feet down from the front yard.

INT. NEWSVAN

Kenny and Gale move around inside the van. Kenny hovers over a control panel complete with video monitors.

CONTINUED:

KENNY
What's the plan?

GALE
Prep the compact, we'll hide it in a window and tape all of tonight's festivities.

Kenny picks up a compact video camera the size of his fist. He checks its battery pack.

KENNY
The control board's glitched. You know we can't carry a live picture.

GALE
What's the delay?

KENNY
About thirty seconds.

GALE
As long as it records I don't give a shit. We're not doing a remote.

Gale slides open the side door and steps out into the darkness, not seeing the FIGURE that stands behind her. A hand grabs her shoulder, Gale's heart stops as she spins around to find...

Dewey, smiling, extremely pleased to see her.

DEWEY
Evening, ma'am.

GALE
Deputy...good evening.

DEWEY
What brings you out to these parts?

GALE
You never know when or where a story will break.

DEWEY
Not much story here. Just a bunch of kids cutting loose.

GALE
Then what are you doing here?

CONTINUED: (2)

DEWEY
I'm just gonna keep an eye on things. Have you been inside yet?

GALE
Uh...no. Not yet.

DEWEY
I was just about to stick my head in--why don't you come with me?

Gale's face lights up.

GALE
Let me grab my bag.

Gale leans in the van, grabs the camera from Kenny's hand, and throws it in her bag. She gives Kenny a wink.

GALE
(whisper)
We're in.

INT. KITCHEN

CLOSE ON a microwave. Popcorn POPS inside. CAMERA WIDENS TO REVEAL...

Sid, Stu, Randy, and Tatum moving about the kitchen, preparing a junk food feast.

RANDY
What's up first?

STU
HELLRAISER.

TATUM
EVIL DEAD.

The doorbell RINGS. Stu goes for it.

STU
I got it. Tatum get me a beer. They're in the fridge in the garage.

RANDY
I'll take one too.

TATUM
What am I? The beer wench? Get it yourself.

CONTINUED:

STU
(o.c.)
Hey, guess who's here? It's that chick from INSIDE STORY?

They all peer down the hall to see Dewey and Gale standing in the foyer.

TATUM
Shit, Dewey!

They all head out to the...

INT. LIVING ROOM/FOYER

They pile in from the kitchen.

TATUM
What is she doing here?

DEWEY
She's with me.

TATUM
What are you doing here?

DEWEY
I'm Sid's personal bodyguard tonight.

TATUM
(protesting)
Dewey, noooo....

DEWEY
I'm not gonna spoil your fun. I'll stay outside in the jeep.

Randy and Stu are drooling over Gale.

TATUM
Take your media muff with you.

Tatum turns and heads back into the kitchen.

SIDNEY
Have they found my father?

DEWEY
Afraid not.

CONTINUED:

SIDNEY
Should I be worried?

DEWEY
Not yet.

Gale has lead the boys over t- -ard the television.

RANDY
I watch your show religiously.

STU
This must be big news to be on INSIDE STORY.

GALE
Huge.

RANDY
Wanna interview us?

STU
We could be like two grief stricken students and we'll say really nice things about our good friends who were slaughtered senselessly.

RANDY
I can cry on cue.

Gale eyes the bookshelf above the television.

GALE
Maybe later?

Suddenly, Gale starts to COUGH.

GALE
Can I trouble you for some water?

STU
How 'bout a beer? Randy--get the lady a beer.

RANDY
You get it.

Gale slips the camera from her bag--hits the ON switch and holds it behind her...waiting for the right moment.

INT. KITCHEN

Tatum empties the popcorn into a bowl, then pulls open the refrigerator...looks quickly, then remembers...

She moves through the adjoining laundry room to the...

INT. GARAGE

The kitchen door opens and light floods the darkened garage. Tatum stands in the doorway searching for a light switch.

She finds a button and hits it. BRRRRMMM! The electric garage door starts to rise. Wrong switch. She hits it again and it closes.

She finds another switch. CLICK. A small lightbulb overhead comes on, barely lighting the large two-car garage, leaving pockets of shadows along the wall.

Tatum spots the refrigerator against a far wall and heads for it, not seeing the kitchen door, quietly, slowly, closing behind her, sealing her off from the rest of the house.

Tatum stumbles to the refrigerator and throws it open. It's light casts a glow across her face.

CRASH-BOOM!

Tatum jumps, spinning around just in time to see a cat escape through a large pet door that's built into the garage door. She smiles at her jumpiness.

Tatum loads up with as many beer as her hands will carry and heads back to the kitchen.

At the kitchen door, she juggles the beer, reaching for the knob. It's locked.

TATUM
SHIT!

She KICKS it with her foot several times.

TATUM
Hey, Shitheads!

A moment. No answer.

TATUM
OH, SHIT PISS!

CONTINUED:

Tatum leans over and, with her elbow, hits the garage door button. BRRRRMM! It begins to rise.

She moves towards the rising door, beer in hand. Suddenly, CRR-BRRRM! The garage door RESETS, reversing direction, moving down, closing.

TATUM
What the...

Tatum spins around to see...

A GHOST MASKED FIGURE

silhouetted in the dark, next to the kitchen door, his hand on the switch. Tatum at once, GASPS, taken back, but then relaxes.

TATUM
Is that you, Randy? Cute.

The FIGURE stares at her, blankly.

TATUM
And what movie is this from? I SPIT ON YOUR GARAGE.

Tatum takes a step towards the FIGURE.

TATUM
Lose the mask. If Sidney sees it, she'll flip.

The FIGURE shakes his head slowly from side to side.

TATUM
Oh you wanna play psycho killer?

The FIGURE slowly nods.

TATUM
Can I be the helpless victim?

The FIGURE slowly nods again.

TATUM
Okay, let's see. "No, please, don't kill me, Mr. Ghostface. I want to be in the sequel."

Tatum takes a step to move around the FIGURE, but he steps too, blocking her.

CONTINUED: (2)

TATUM
Cut, Casper. That's a wrap.

Tatum moves again, sidestepping the FIGURE, but he's faster and cuts her off.

Tatum juggles the beer against her chest with one hand and with the other pushes the FIGURE hard, knocking him aside.

TATUM
Randy--will you stop?

But the FIGURE intercepts, lunging forward, grabbing her wrist hard...Tatum stumbles...beer cans hit the floor...spewing...

TATUM
You little shit.

Tatum yanks hard, releasing his hold when a flash of silver catches her eye. She looks down, glimpsing a long, sharp blade as it darts forward, cutting into her forearm...

Tatum pulls back, horrified, as the moment turns deadly serious.

The FIGURE advances on her--knife out, ready. She staggers backwards, holding her bloody arm, backing into the refrigerator, SCREAMING.

TATUM
Who are you?

The FIGURE lashes out with the knife. Tatum dodges it, leaping back against the fridge. The FIGURE advances. Instinctively, she rips the top freezer door open, BASHING the FIGURE in the face, sending him backwards, reeling.

Tatum bolts to the...CLOSED GARAGE DOOR. In a panic, she BEATS and PULLS on it, trying to make it lift. She eyes the FIGURE...he's recovering.

She goes for the pet door, dropping to the floor, diving for it...she wedges her upper body through, her head, shoulders, torso just as the...

FIGURE pounces, grabbing hold of her feet. Tatum goes crazy SCREAMING and KICKING trying to get through.

EXT. GARAGE DOOR

Tatum is half in/half out the pet door. She BEATS and JERKS wildly, unable to see the FIGURE on the other side...

CONTINUED:

A true fighter, Tatum kicks hard, making direct contact with the FIGURE, knocking him away.

She takes the moment to pull herself through further...but she stops...stuck. She pulls and tugs but can't move. She listens but hears nothing. Where did he go? An agonizing silence. And then...

CRR-BRRRM! The garage door is activated. It begins to rise upward, taking Tatum with it. She SCREAMS MADLY.

TATUM
NOOOOOO....

Tatum's arms and legs fly about violently as she tries to free herself from the door, but it moves too fast, carrying her up...

She looks above to see where the door rolls back into the garage rafters just as her neck hits the first beam, SNAPPING instantly.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The camera sits on the book shelf lodged between two knick knacks, completely inconspicuous. The CAMERA WIDENS to reveal Gale and Dewey at the door with Stu and Sid.

STU
You can stay if you want. We're just gonna watch some movies.

GALE
Maybe I'll come back later.

Dewey pulls the door open to reveal...

BILLY

Everyone jumps in a classic fake scare.

SIDNEY
Billy! What are you doing here?

BILLY
Can we talk?

DEWEY
Maybe now is not the time, Billy.

CONTINUED:

SIDNEY
It's okay, Dewey.

DEWEY
I'll be right outside, Sid. Just holler.

SIDNEY
Thanks.

Billy steps in as Dewey and Gale take off closing the door behind them.

STU
(to Billy)
Dude, how ya doing?

BILLY
Feeling friendless, friend.

STU
I was gonna invite you but Tatum thought...

BILLY
Save it, I won't stay. I just wanna talk to Sid.

SIDNEY
Come on.

Sid grabs his arm and leads him to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

They enter just as Randy emerges from the garage, holding a beer. He grimaces at the sight of Billy.

SIDNEY
Where's Tatum?

RANDY
Dunno.

SIDNEY
(to Billy)
Let's go upstairs. Tatum sees you, you're dead.

They move out the door and down the hall. Randy is not pleased.

INT. NEWSVAN

Kenny fidgets at the control board. He hits a coupla buttons, bangs the side of the monitor and a picture emerges...the living room. The camera is positioned just above the television...

ON SCREEN

Sid and Billy can be seen going upstairs while Stu fusses with the TV remote. Because of the camera's position he appears to be staring right into the lens.

Suddenly, the van's side door slides open and Gale pops in.

KENNY
Got a picture. Perfect placement. We can see everything.

Gale is ecstatic.

GALE
Tell me, Kenny, has a cheesy tabloid journalist ever won the Pulitizer?

INT. LIVING ROOM

Randy enters the living room.

RANDY
Where did they go?

STU
Upstairs.

RANDY
I can't believe he fucking showed up. I was hoping to get Sid on the rebound.

STU
Where's Tatum?

RANDY
Dunno.

STU
Where's the beer bong?

Randy smiles. If all else fails--get drunk.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Sidney leads Billy down a long corridor with lots of doors...this house is huge.

SIDNEY
In here.

Sidney opens a door into...

INT. BEDROOM

A large, master bedroom with glass doors that lead out onto a balcony.

Sid and Billy stare at each other for a long moment. Awkward.

SIDNEY
So...

BILLY
So...I'm sorry. I've been a selfish shit and I'm sorry.

SIDNEY
No, Billy. I'm the one who's been selfish and self absorbed with all of my post traumatic stress.

BILLY
You lost your mom...

SIDNEY
But enough is enough. I can't wallow in the grief process forever and I can't keep lying to myself about who my mom was.

Billy bows his head quietly, knowingly.

SIDNEY
I think in some weird analytical, psychological bullshit way I'm scared that I'm gonna turn out just like her, you know? Like the bad seed or something...

BILLY
Oh Sidney...

CONTINUED: (2)

SIDNEY
Everytime I get close to you I see my mom. I know it doesn't make sense.

BILLY
Sure it does. It's like Jodie Foster in SILENCE OF THE LAMBS when she kept having flashbacks of her dead father.

SIDNEY
But this is life. This isn't a movie.

BILLY
Sure it is, Sid. It's all a movie. Life's one great big movie. Only you can't pick your genre.

Billy moves to her. They embrace, tenderly.

SIDNEY
I wanna let go. I do...

BILLY
Ssshh...everything's gonna be okay. I promise.

Sidney takes the iniative, acting on impulse, kissing him long and hard. She breaks away passionately, out of breath.

SIDNEY
Why can't I be a Meg Ryan movie?

Billy nibbles her neck.

BILLY
Sshh..it's okay.

SIDNEY
Or ev'n a good porno.

BILLY
(shocked)
What?

She stares at him, her eyes sexually charged.

SIDNEY
You heard me.

BILLY
(incredulous)
Are you serious?

CONTINUED: (2)

SIDNEY
(surprising herself)
Yeah...I think so.

They smile at each other.

INT. NEWSVAN - CONTINUOUS

Gale and Kenny watch the monitor. Randy and Stu sit glued to the TV, engrossed in a movie.

A RAP at the van door. Gale pulls it open to see Deputy Riley standing, his face all smiles.

DEWEY
Sheriff just radioed me. I'm gonna check out a possible lead. Thought you might like to join me.

GALE
What kind of lead?

DEWEY
A car was spotted in the bushes a little ways up the road.

GALE
I'd love to. If you're sure it's alright?

DEWEY
Ma'am, I am the Deputy of this town.

GALE
Can I bring Kenny?

DEWEY
(too quickly)
NO! I mean...I should probably take just you.

GALE
I see.

Gale steps out of the van turning back to Kenny.

GALE
Hold down the fort.

She slides the van door closed.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Gale heads for Dewey's patrol jeep.

DEWEY
Actually, I thought we could walk. It's not too far.

Gale appears skeptical, but smiles anyway. She's genuinely smitten by this young guy.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Randy and Stu watch the movie. SCARY MUSIC fills the room.

RANDY
What happened to Tatum?

STU
10-1 she's refereeing Sid and Billy.

RANDY
(pointing to TV)
Look, here comes the obligatory tit shot.

STU
Beautiful!

Randy and Stu toast.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Billy and Sidney are going at it...passionately. He has his head buried in her neck.

SIDNEY
(to herself)
"Eight is enough to fill our lives with love..."

It's working. Sidney pushes Billy off her as she pulls her shirt over her head. She fumbles with the clasp of her bra as the...

CAMERA RUSHES IN on her breasts. Just as Sid's bra straps slide off her shoulders...

Billy moves in front of the CAMERA, pulling his jeans off, blocking Sidney from view.

EXT. DARK ROAD - CONTINUOUS

A long, deserted country road. In the distance, a single flashlight beams ahead, the only light in the black night. Gale and Dewey can be heard.

GALE
So is Dewey your real name?

DEWEY
Dwight. Dewey was something I got stuck with a long time ago.

GALE
I like it. It's...sexy.

DEWEY
Nah...it's just this town's way of not taking me serious.

GALE
What about Gale Weathers? I sound like a weather girl. Believe me, I know all about not being taken seriously.

CLOSE ON Gale and Dewey, walking closely, side by side--flirtatiously. Gale is surprisingly nervous.

GALE
Let's face it. I got a shit job. I mean, television journalism used to be respected but ever since Geraldo opened Capone's vault--it's been downhill. Now we're the spawn of Satan.

DEWEY
I don't think you're so bad.

Gale smiles.

GALE
Thank you.

Dewey starts to say something...but thinks better of it. Instead, he reaches over and takes her hand in his. Gale is stunned...completely, pleasantly stunned.

GALE
Tell me, are all the local boys as sweet as you?

Dewey blushes as a branch SNAPS somewhere in the night.

CONTINUED:

GALE
What was that?

Dewey shines the flashlight toward the noise.

DEWEY
Could have been anything.

GALE
That's whats got me worried.

ANGLE ON WOODS

The flashlight beam illuminates the brush, making the tail end of a car just visible from the road.

GALE
What is it?

DEWEY
Somebody's car. Wait here.

GALE
Don't think so.

They move down off the road toward the car. Dewey shines the flashlight on the plates but it's already obvious to the CAMERA. This is the same car we last saw Sidney's father driving away in.

DEWEY
Shit. It's Neil Prescott's car.

GALE
Sidney's father?

DEWEY
We gotta get back. Jesus. He's here. What the fuck is he doing here?

Dewey is panicked. He grabs Gale and they race off down the road.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Randy and Stu are watching a movie. They both appear visibly drunk. The room VIBRATES from an over amplified horror movie soundtrack.

RANDY
Look, here it comes. SPLAT!

CONTINUED:

STU
The blood's not the right color. Why do they do that? That's so obviously not real blood. It's too red.

RANDY
Here comes another....

STU
Predictable. We knew he was going to bite it. How can you watch this shit over and over? I wanna see Jaime Lee's breasts. When do we see Jaime Lee's breasts?

RANDY
Not until TRADING PLACES in '83. Jaime Lee was always the virgin in horror movies. She didn't show her tits til she went legit.

STU
No way.

RANDY
That's why she always lived. Only virgins can outsmart the killer in the big chase scene in the end. Don't you know the rules?

Stu finishes his beer.

STU
What rules?

RANDY
There are certain rules that one must abide by in order to successfully survive a horror movie. For instance: 1. You can never have sex. The minute you get a little nookie--you're as good as gone. Sex always equals death. 2. Never drink or do drugs. The sin factor. It's an extension of number one. And 3. Never, ever, ever, under any circumstances, say "I'll be right back."

STU
Wanna another beer?

CONTINUED: (2)

RANDY
Yeah.

STU
I'll be right back.

Stu gets up and heads to the kitchen.

INT. NEWSVAN

Kenny is barely watching the monitor, he reached boredom some time ago. He finds a bag of Cheetos and chows down.

INT. BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER

The sex is over...and both Sid and Billy are dressing respectively. That post-sex awkwardness.

Sid brushes out her hair as her eyes come to rest on the telephone on the nightstand...it puzzles her as a stark revelation crosses her face. She turns to Billy who's sits on the floor, putting on his shoes.

SIDNEY
Who did you call?

BILLY
What?

SIDNEY
When you're arrested--you're allowed one phone call? Who did you call?

BILLY
I called my dad.

SIDNEY
No, Sheriff Burke called your dad. I saw him.

BILLY
Yeah...and when I called no one answered.

SIDNEY
Uh-huh.

BILLY
You don't still think it was me?

SIDNEY
No, but if it were you, that would have been a very clever way to throw me off track. Using your one phone call to call me so I wouldn't think it was you.

CONTINUED:

Billy stands up.

BILLY
What do I have to do to prove to you I'm not a killer?

He makes a move toward her when..from behind, from the open balcony doors comes...

THE GHOST FIGURE

Sidney sees the FIGURE immediately, SCREAMING. Billy tries to calm her, oblivious to the advancing GHOST.

SIDNEY
BILLYWATCHOUT!!!!

Billy barely turns as a long steely blade rises high in the air. It strikes down with force...hitting his chest as blood sprays the air.

ON SIDNEY as red crimson splatters across her face...as the knife is thrust in and out of Billy who tries hard to put up a fight..but it's useless...he never had a chance. His body falls to the floor..lifeless.

ANGLE ON GHOST

as he watches Billy's body come to a still before quietly, calmly turning his attention to...

SIDNEY who stands, numb...scared to death. And only when the GHOST takes a step forward does Sidney break. She takes off like a rocket...leaping over the bed and out the door.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sidney tears out the door and down the hall, coated in Billy's blood.

ANGLE ON THE GHOST

as he catches up with her, grabbing hold of her collar. She pulls away from him...her shirt ripping down the back.

Her hands find a door knob and she goes for it, pulling the door open...moving quickly inside...locking it behind her.

INT. DARK SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Total darkness. Sidney's hands scour the wall for a light switch. The doorknob turns...the lock holds..as the door is nearly SHAKEN from it's hinges...and then...

CONTINUED:

NOTHING. All goes silent. Only Sidney's rapid BREATHING fills the space around her.

Sidney, trembling, shaking, reaches above her, feeling..until she finds a string. She pulls it...as a lightbulb SWITCHES on overhead.

She's in a small box of a room. The door is on one side, a small, narrow staircase on the other. She eyes the doorknob, then the staircase...contemplating...but it's an easy decision. There's no fucking way she's going up to the attic.

She unlocks the door and pushes on it. But it won't give...she pushes on it again. It's locked from the other side. Shit. She turns to the staircase.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Randy continues to watch TV. He is now sloppy drunk, completely involved in the movie on screen.

SCARY MUSIC SWELLS, filling the room.

RANDY
(to TV)
No, Jaime. Look behind you! Watch out! Behind you!

And if he followed his own advice, he would see the GHOST MASKED FIGURE that stands directly behind him...knife poised.

INT. NEWSVAN - CONTINUOUS

Kenny finishes off a soda and crushes the can in his hand. He tosses it to the floor when a movement from the monitor catches his eye.

ON THE MONITOR is Randy, still on the couch, engrossed in the movie. Directly behind him...the GHOST. Kenny does a double-take. No fucking way. He watches as the GHOST stands still, unmoving, knife raised.

KENNY
JESUS...FUCK...

The GHOST takes a silent step forward.

KENNY
(screaming at monitor)
BEHIND YOU! LOOK BEHIND YOU!

CONTINUED:

This kid needs help. Kenny bolts out of his seat and goes for the side door. He slides it open and sticks his head out as...

A LONG, SHARP BLADE

comes at Kenny, fast and furious...slicing into his throat. Kenny falls forward...out the door as the GHOST MASKED FIGURE is upon him.

THE CAMERA PANS TO THE MONITOR

just in time to see the GHOST MASKED FIGURE turn away from Randy, leaving him unharmed, moving instead, out the front door, on a thirty second walk to the newsvan.

INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

The attic is long and narrow...cluttered with furniture, boxes, and the likes...moonlight filters in through a small, raised window on the front wall of the house.

Sidney moves through the attic...BUMPING into this, KNOCKING over that...she passes a dusty mirror, jumping at her own reflection. She cringes at her image, drenched in Billy's blood. She stares long and hard...something about the blood, the redness of it. She moves on, determined.

She eyes the raised window above her...a way out...if she could only reach it...

EXT. FRONT YARD

Gale and Dewey come running up the drive, frantic.

DEWEY
I'll call for backup.

GALE
I'll get my camera.

They split up. The CAMERA FOLLOWS GALE as she rushes to the newsvan, throwing open the door.

GALE
Kenny! Camera! Quick!

The van is empty.

GALE
Kenny?

CONTINUED:

A CAR HORN goes off. Gale spins around. It came from the patrol jeep in the driveway.

GALE
(calling out)
Dewey?

She moves across the yard to the jeep, the door hangs open...Dewey is nowhere to be found.

GALE
Dewey? Where are you?

A look of pure dread comes over Gale.

INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Sidney has stacked object after object building a ladder to the window. She climbs to the top, holding onto the window frame.

She spots Gale almost immediately. She SCREAMS OUT, looking for the window latch. But there's not one. It doesn't open. Sidney starts beating on it...trying to break it...

EXT. FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Gale, hanging tough, approaches the front door, unable to hear Sidney's SCREAMS three floors up. Gale reaches for the door just as she hears LOUD, HORRIBLE SHRIEKS from just inside. She backs away.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

AN EAR-CURDLING JAIME LEE CURTIS SCREAM BLASTS through the empty living room as the horror movie on TV comes to it's horrifying climax.

Randy is now gor..

EXT. FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

Gale races across the yard putting distance between her and the house. She moves back to the van...

INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Sidney has found an old tennis racket. She swings a solid forehand at the window.

THE WINDOW SPRAYS GLASS

CONTINUED:

Sidney moves quickly, lifting herself up over broken glass and pulling herself through the window frame.

EXT. SIDE OF HOUSE

Sidney wastes no time. She looks for Gale, SCREAMING, but Gale is gone.

Sid lowers herself down the ledge, sliding down a sloped portion of the roof onto...

THE MASTER BEDROOM'S BALCONY.

Then she eases herself over the railing and lowers herself, letting herself hang as low as she can...then she lets go, free-falling the rest of the way...but in a split instant...

THE GHOST APPEARS

grabbing her wrists in midair.

Her body hangs, dangling against the side of the house. The GHOST begins to lift her, pulling her back onto the balcony.

Sidney jerks, pulls, twists...but the HANDS have her, hoisting her up...Sidney SCREAMS MADLY...yanking one last time, freeing herself.

SHE DROPS TO THE GROUND, a good seven feet, landing on her back, hitting hard. She grabs at a pained leg and brings herself upright.

INT. NEWSVAN - CONTINUOUS

Gale is frantic. She starts the engine up and hits the headlights when she discovers she can't see out of the windshield.

Gale rubs at the glass. Sure enough, something is on the windshield outside, blocking her sight. Gale hits the wipers as BLOOD SMEARS across the glass, it drips down from above.

Gale SCREAMS as a HAND reaches in through the open window...she looks up to see...

RANDY, staring at her madly.

RANDY
What's going on?

A sheer moment of fear as Gale hits the gas plummeting the car forward, into a ditch. She hits the BRAKES. Randy is thrown forward, away from the van.

CONTINUED:

Gale reverses, backs up, hits the brakes again...just as Kenny's face comes sliding down the outside of the windshield...eyes wide, face distorted, blood everywhere.

Gale hits the gas, and yanks the wheel, sending Kenny's corpse flying off the top of the van.

Gale spins the van around, onto the road, hits the gas madly, gaining speed just as...

SIDNEY APPEARS

in the middle of the road, drenched in blood, very much resembling a young Sissy Spacek.

Gale swerves to miss her, but she turns too sharp and the van veers off the road at top speed...flipping over on its side, sliding off into the thick foliage.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Sidney races to where the van lay on it's side. Sidney peers through the windshield...Gale's body lay limp and bloody.

SIDNEY CRIES OUT, turning, limping to the driveway. She sees the patrol jeep with it's open door...she goes for it.

INT. JEEP

Sidney hops in, reaches for the ignition...NO KEYS! Shit. Just then, Sidney's eyes go to the front porch. She watches as the front door opens and a FIGURE appears in the darkness, undetectable.

Sidney throws the headlights...illuminating the front side of the house, revealing...

DEWEY STANDING IN THE DOORWAY.

SIDNEY
DEWEY!

Sidney opens the jeep door, moving to him, noticing his body, slumped, knees buckled...

And then his body falls forward, slowly, deliberately, hitting the porch hard. Standing behind him is...

THE GHOST

SIDNEY SCREAMS FROM THE BOTTOM OF HER SOUL.

CONTINUED:

SIDNEY
NOOOOOOOO!!!!!

Sid jumps back inside the jeep, closing the door, locking it. She reaches over and locks the passenger's door and then she...waits.

And watches as the GHOST leans over Dewey's still body, fumbling with something. Then the FIGURE stands upright, in his hands he holds...

THE KEYS

They jingle in the wind, the GHOST toying with her, enjoying this...

Sidney, hysterical, locks eyes with the FIGURE as he moves to the door, Sidney leaps on it, holding the lock button down, making it impossible to unlock. Her face is pressed against the glass...inches from the MASKED FIGURE.

She uses every ounce of strength when suddenly, the GHOST DISAPPEARS, dropping down, below the window, out of her view.

Sidney moves to the center of the jeep...trying hard to listen over her own RAPID BREATHING, every sound AMPLIFIED.

Then she hears it, the soft JINGLING of keys near the passenger's side door. She pounces on the lock, holding it down.

A shadow cuts the beam of the headlights, unseen by Sidney. The lock turns on the other side. Sidney leaps over and holds it down, securing it. This is beyond nerve-racking. Sidney is certifiable.

Her eyes spot the police radio for the first time. She grabs the mouthpiece and hits the switch.

SIDNEY
Help! Please! I'm at Stu Maker's house on Turner Lane. Please, HE'S GONNA KILL ME!

EXT. FRONT OF JEEP

ANGLE through front windshield. Sidney RANTING into the police band. She doesn't see the...

GHOST FIGURE open the tailgate door of the jeep and slowly crawl in behind her.

CONTINUED:

The GHOST FIGURE reaches out and grabs hold of Sidney's neck.

Sidney, with surprising strength, spins around and attacks the GHOST.

She falls back against the dash, legs out, kicking wildly at him.

Her hand reaches for the door, finds the lock, the door lever, she pulls...

The door swings open...

Sidney falls out of the door, hitting the ground.

EXT. FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

Sidney, on her stomach, squirms away from the jeep. She brings herself up to her hands and knees, looking behind her to see nothing...

THE GHOST HAS DISAPPEARED.

Sidney's eyes roam the yard but he's nowhere. Completely gone. Vanished. Sid crawls to the front porch where...

DEWEY'S BODY LAY

Thinking quickly, precisely, she reaches to Dewey's holster and grabs his gun when a VOICE ECHO'S behind her...

VOICE
(o.c.)
Sidney!

She turns to see Randy racing to her, limping. He appears stone cold sober.

RANDY
Jesus, Sid. We gotta get out of here.

Sidney throws the gun forward.

SIDNEY
Stop. Right there.

RANDY
Don't shoot. It's me.

SIDNEY
Don't come any closer.

CONTINUED:

RANDY
Listen to me, Sid. I found Tatum. She's dead, she's been killed...I think Stu did it.

He takes a step forward when another VOICE SPEAKS UP.

VOICE
(o.c.)
Don't believe him, Sid.

Sidney spins around to see Stu moving up the walk.

STU
He's lying. He killed Tatum. And Billy.

Stu moves closer to Sidney.

SIDNEY
Stay away.

She aims the gun in his direction.

STU
His movie nut mind has snapped, Sid. He's gone psycho.

RANDY
Don't listen to him. It's him. He's the one.

Sidney has lost it, she doesn't know who to trust. She aims the gun at Stu..then Randy..then Stu...

STU
Come on, Sid. Give me the gun.

RANDY
No, Sid.

They both move toward her. There's no time. She must act now. Finally...

SIDNEY
Fuck you both.

And with that, Sidney steps back into the house and SLAMS the front door shut.

INT. LIVING ROOM/FOYER

Sid locks and bolts the door. From the other side she can hear Randy SCREAMING.

CONTINUED:

RANDY
NO, SID. OPEN UP. PLEASE...HE'S GONE CRAZY.

His fists POUND against the door. Sidney, stumbling in the darkness, rushes to the phone in the living room. Just as she reaches for it...it RINGS. It scares the life out of her. She SCREAMS, yanking it up.

SIDNEY
Please! God! Help me!

VOICE
(from the phone)
Having fun Sidney?

Sidney falls apart, SCREAMING.

SIDNEY
NOOOOOOOO!!!

She CLICKS the base several times, trying to disconnect the call but to no avail.

VOICE
Come on, Sidney, open the door.

SIDNEY
Please. Stop it.

VOICE
If you don't open the door I'll kill him.

With phone in hand, Sid moves back to the door. RANDY'S SCREAMS ARE MADDENING. She eyes the lock, deliberating.

SIDNEY
(at the door)
GOAWAYLEAVEMEALONE!

CLUNK! A NOISE UPSTAIRS.

Sidney looks up the staircase, into the darkness, her faced SHOCKED to see...

BILLY

emerging from the shadows, stumbling down the stairs. Very much alive.

CONTINUED: (2)

SIDNEY
Oh God. Billy!

He's blood-soaked and dazed. Sidney meets him at the landing, grabbing him, holding him...

SIDNEY
I thought you were...

BILLY
I'm alright. Gotta...get...help.

Billy goes for the door.

SIDNEY
He's out there.

Randy continues POUNDING ON THE DOOR, SCREAMING AT THE TOP OF HIS LUNGS.

RANDY
(through door)
Please, you gotta let me in. He's gonna kill me.

Billy goes for the door. Sidney blocks him.

SIDNEY
NO! Don't believe him.

BILLY
It's okay. Give me the gun.

Sidney hands him the gun. Billy turns and unlocks the door, opening it. Randy rushes in, grabbing Billy, pleading...

RANDY
Help me...

BILLY
(calming him)
Shhhh. It's okay.

RANDY
I'm fucking scared, man.

BILLY
You're also a dead man.

RANDY
What?

CONTINUED: (3)

Randy squints, confused, as Billy points the gun directly in his face and...

PULLS THE TRIGGER

Randy's head flies back, shot at point blank.

His body smashes into the wall before falling to the floor in a heap--very dead.

BILLY TURNS TO SIDNEY...

Who stands only feet away, face aghast...

Fuck, no...this can't be happening. Billy's eyes are on her, unmoving.

He brings his bloody hand up to his mouth, deliberately, licking it...tasting the blood.

BILLY
Corn syrup. Same stuff they used for pig's blood in CARRIE.

Sidney is dumbfounded. Slowly, she takes a step back, moving into the dark refines of the kitchen.

Billy, lurches forward in a fake-out, baiting her. She takes another step back--petrified.

CLOSE ON BILLY'S FACE. It is no longer familiar to Sidney. There is something inhuman now about his features. His expression is pure evil.

She takes another step back, shrinking into the dark kitchen.

THE CAMERA TAKES A MOMENT TO ADJUST TO THE DARKNESS as the outline of a FIGURE appears...

STANDING RIGHT BEHIND SIDNEY.

She continues to back up, moving right into the arms of...

STU

Sidney spins around...her mouth open in speechless horror.

SIDNEY
Stu...please...help me...

Stu stares back at her, eyes wide, lips curled in a subtle smile as he holds a small compact CELLULAR PHONE up to his face.

CONTINUED: (4)

STU
(whispering into phone)
Surprise, Sidney.

His VOICE comes to her from the phone she still holds in her hand. It sounds affected now...the VOICE of the killer.

Sidney looks back to Billy, then to Stu, then to Billy again. She drops the phone as it becomes all too clear.

She stands between them, her mind racing, calculating...

SHE BOLTS INTO THE LIVING ROOM

If for no other reason than to put space between her and them...they stand in the entryway, trapping her in.

BILLY
Where ya going? It's not over yet.

STU
We've got one more surprise. Billy, would you like to do the honors?

BILLY
But it's your turn, Stu.

STU
Oh yeah.

Stu disappears into the kitchen.

BILLY
(to Sidney)
What's wrong? You look like you've seen a ghost.

Sidney stands, trying hard to hold a calm resolve.

A NOISE comes from the kitchen. A low, DRAGGING sound. Stu reappears from the front hall...wrestling with something... someone...

CLOSE ON STU...he has a body in tow, he thrusts it forward and it rolls into the living room. Sidney looks down to find...

HER FATHER

bound and gagged. His eyes wide in fear, very much alive.

CONTINUED: (5)

SIDNEY
Daddy!

She starts for him.

BILLY
Close enough.

SIDNEY
Why are you doing this?

STU
It's all part of a game.

BILLY
It's called GUESS HOW I'M GOING TO DIE!

SIDNEY
Fuck you.

BILLY
We already played that game.

STU
(to Billy)
Don't forget--I owe you a dollar.

BILLY
You have to play, Sid. Don't want to disappoint your dad. He's been waiting around all night.

STU
It's an easy game. We ask you a question. If you get it wrong--you die.

BILLY
And if you get it right--you die.

Sidney stares down at her dad as a dark realization claims her face. She looks back to Billy, holding strong.

SIDNEY
Which one of you killed my mother?

Billy smiles.

BILLY
It was more of a tag team effort.

CONTINUED: (6)

STU
That's the way your mother liked her little boys, Sidney.

BILLY
But you knew that didn't you, Sid? You were pretending not to--but you knew--it was all part of your post traumatic shit.

STU
Hell, the whole town knew about your mom. She was whoring her ass all over the place. Practically raped us.

BILLY
Swear to God, Sid. Always pawing at me when you weren't looking. Flashing her shit like she was Sharon Stone or something.

STU
She had to be stopped. Let's face it, your mother was no Sharon Stone.

Sidney is rigid with shock, trying to comprehend.

SIDNEY
You'll never get away with this.

BILLY
Tell that to Cotton Weary. You wouldn't believe how easy it was to frame him.

STU
We just watched a few movies. Took a few notes. It was fun.

BILLY
It's hard to explain, Sid. But when you kill someone, you get this intense charge--it's like all of your teenage angst goes right out the window.

STU
For a second. Then ya gotta do it again. It's like when you see a really good movie. You want to hang on to that feeling so you see it over and over.

BILLY
We got a real taste for it now. I don't think we can stop. Funny, isn't it? How it all comes down to sex and violence.

CONTINUED: (7)

Billy and Stu relish their madness, proud of themselves.

SIDNEY
You're crazy--both of you.

STU
The official term is "psychotic".

Billy sits the gun down on the table near the foyer. He takes the butcher knife from Stu and moves to Sidney.

BILLY
Pretend this is all just a scary movie, Sid. How do you think it's going to end?

Sidney doesn't respond.

STU
Take a guess. Why do you think we kept your father alive so long? Why did we save you for last?

BILLY
You know what time it is, Sid? It's after midnight. It's your mother's anniversary. We killed her exactly one year ago today.

Billy turns to Stu with the knife. They eye each other.

BILLY
Ready?

STU
Yeah...

Billy pulls the knife back and brings it forward quickly, slicing into Stu. He stumbles to his knees, WINCING in pain.

STU
Jesus...

Sidney SCREAMS...as blood gushes..real blood, a dark, deep red. Stu inspects the wound to his side...then he smiles...

STU
Good one. My turn.

He takes the knife from Billy.

CONTINUED: (8)

BILLY
Don't forget--stay to the side and don't go too deep.

Stu stabs at Billy's belly, puncturing him...Billy doubles over...

BILLY
Jesus...fuck, that hurt.

SIDNEY
Stop it!

BILLY
(squelching the pain)
Got the ending figured out yet? Times running out.

STU
Come on, Sid. Think about it. Right now your Father is the chief suspect. We cloned his cellular. The evidence is there.

Billy takes the knife and slashes at Stu's arm, two quick cuts...he doubles over...

BILLY
What if your father snapped? Your mom's anniversary set him off and he went on a murder spree, killing everyone...

STU
(in major pain)
Except for me and Billy...we were left for dead...

BILLY
And then he kills you and then shoots himself in the head. It's a perfect ending.

STU
Everyone dies but us. We get to carry on and plan the sequel. Let's face it, these days--you gotta have a sequel.

Stu takes the knife and cuts at Billy.

SIDNEY
You sick fucks--you've seen one too many movies.

CONTINUED: (9)

Billy looks at her, bent over, crazed.

BILLY
Oh Sid, don't blame the movies...Movies don't create psychos. Movies just make psychos more creative.

Stu staggers a bit.

STU
That's it, Billy. I can't take any more. I'm feeling woozy.

BILLY
Get the gun. I'll untie Pops.

Billy moves to Sidney's father.

STU
Where'd you put it?

Stu is searching the foyer for the gun.

BILLY
It's on the table.

STU
No, it's not.

Billy hobbles over. The gun is gone.

BILLY
Where the fuck is it?

VOICE
(off camera)
Right here, asshole.

Billy and Stu look up in unison to see...

GALE WEATHERS--CORRESPONDENT FROM INSIDE STORY

standing at the foot of the stairs, gun in hand. Her body, tattered and bloody. Her hair a mess.

BILLY
I thought she was dead.

STU
She looked dead.

Gale moves to them, in total control.

CONTINUED: (10)

GALE
I've got an ending for you. The reporter left for dead in the newsvan comes to. She calls the police on her cellular and then stumbles upon you two dipshits, finds the gun, fumbles your plan, and saves the day.

Sidney steps forward.

SIDNEY
I like that ending.

Billy lunges at Gale, but she holds steady. Billy and Stu eye each other.

BILLY
She can't get both of us.

STU
Odds are--she'll miss anyway.

In a mad rush, they storm Gale, heading straight at her. She stands unflinching, FIRING TWO SHOTS...they both drop to the floor, their bodies piled on top of one another, face up.

Sidney and Gale move to where they lay. Sidney nudges them with her shoe. The bodies stir...

SIDNEY
Give me the gun.

GALE
They're not going anywhere.

SIDNEY
Give it. This is the moment when you think the killer's dead, but then he springs back to life for one last scare. Well--I'm not taking any chances.

She grabs the gun from Gale, positions her foot on Stu's chest and aims.

SIDNEY
This is for my Mom, asshole.

She SHOOTS him in the forehead, a clean and perfect shot. Then she aims the barrel at Billy who's eyes blink up at her, blood bubbling from his lips. He's not yet dead. Their eyes lock.

CONTINUED: (11)

SIDNEY
And this Billy stud-bucket is for having an incredibly small weenie.

She FIRES another perfect shot. They're both goners.

Sidney drops the smoking gun, standing silent over the bodies. Gale moves next to her...a quiet moment when suddenly...

A FIGURE LUNGES THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR.

Both Sid and Gale SCREAM in epic, final scare proportions as Dewey comes barreling into the foyer. He clings to the wall for support, barely able to stand.

DEWEY
(breathy)
What happened?

Gale and Sid catch their breath, relaxing.

GALE
(summing it up)
Oh..just two average adolescent males struggling with their hormones--so we plugged 'em. In self-defense of course.

Sidney looks to Gale. Their eyes meet in understanding. A truce. Dewey slides down the wall, in pain, as Gale rushes to take hold of him, helping him.

GALE
And you, my handsome hero, arrived just in time to kiss the girl.

DEWEY
(in major pain)
..oh..good.

Gale helps him to the floor, leaning him against the open door for support. He's hurt, but he'll live. Gale turns to see...

Sidney in the living room untying her father. She jumps up.

GALE
Wait...wait...

Sidney looks up to see Gale rush over to the bookshelf and retrieve the hidden camera.

CONTINUED: (12)

GALE
I wanna a close-up of this.

Sidney stares at her in disbelief. A numbness overcomes her as a dark revelation sets in.

SIDNEY
This is all a movie, isn't it?

GALE
If we play our cards right.

SIDNEY
No, this, us...I mean...

But she stops herself, she doesn't know what she means. A long moment and then she looks at Gale resigned.

SIDNEY
Should I turn his face to the camera?

GALE
Please.

Sidney positions her father just so. Then she removes his gag to find him SOBBING.

Sidney embraces him, holding him tight as SIRENS sound in the distance. Her face unflinching.

SIDNEY
Sshh. It's okay, Dad. It's all over.
The movie's over.

Gale peeks out from behind the camera.

GALE
Until the sequel.

Sidney looks up, her eyes frozen in horror.

BLACKOUT!